



The Smart Screen Magazine

S SCREENLAND

May

15c

20c in
Canada

Katharine
Hepburn

NEW CONTEST!

Gifts from
**MARION DAVIES,
CLARK GABLE, HELEN HAYES, MYRNA LOY,
JEAN PARKER, MADGE EVANS**—See Page 20

Charles Sholor

PN1993
S35



MARLENE DIETRICH in "THE SCARLET EMPRESS"



Directed by Josef von Sternberg
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Isn't It A Shame!

PRETTY GIRL...AND A MARVELOUS SECRETARY...BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Martha's clothes are as smart as a debutante's. She's pretty—and secretary to the president. But—there's a "but" about Martha!



There's not a man in the office but wishes Martha were his secretary—so smart and so sparkling is she! But the "but" about Martha keeps young men away!



Young men consult Martha about "getting ahead." She's a friend in need, indeed. But they never "date" Martha! For the "but" about Martha is her teeth!



If only Martha would look into a mirror, and see what the young men see: her dull, dingy teeth! She'd realize what "pink tooth brush" can do to a girl's looks.



Adentist would tell Martha to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her tender gums! He'd explain about "pink tooth brush."



It wouldn't be long before Martha's gums would be healthy—and her teeth brilliant again! Martha would find herself picking from among all the young men in town!

IT ISN'T very smart of a girl to have brains and looks and a future—and to allow so simple a thing as "pink tooth brush" to ruin the charm of her smile!

Don't be a "Martha"! Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it—Ipana cleans even into the tiny crevices between your teeth. Then—put a little extra Ipana on

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

your brush or fingertip, and massage it into your inactive, tender gums.

The foods of today fail to exercise the gums. That is why your gums tend to become flabby and soft, and to bleed. They need regular daily massage—with Ipana.

The ziratol in Ipana, your dentist will explain, aids in toning the gums, and in bringing back firmness. And

when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to have gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. You'll feel safer about the soundness of your teeth, too.

Use Ipana, with massage—and have bright, good-looking teeth!

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

Enter Our
Romance
Contest!
Opportunity
For All
Our Readers!!
See Pages 20, 21,
22, 23!!!

SCREENLAND is in a romantic mood!
On Pages 20, 21, 22, and 23 you'll see
why, where, and how!

Our new contest, featuring some of
your favorite stars, is a Romance Rally,
led by Marion Davies.

It's a Movie Treasure Chest with
romantic riches from Marion, Clark
Gable, Myrna Loy, Helen Hayes, Madge
Evans, and Jean Parker. You'll have a
grand time competing for the exciting
prizes.

With no cost to yourself, you can
enter this Romance Contest announced
and outlined in this issue.

Compete for the prizes offered by the
famous stars listed above.

Read all the rules and conditions
carefully.

Join our Romantic Revelers!

May, 1934

THIS MONTH

Vol. XXIX, No. 1

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Cover Portrait of Katharine Hepburn by Charles Sheldon

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Norma Shearer's first picture in many months is already hailed as the greatest thrill-romance of her career. Sinners in silks, their lives, loves, heart-aches . . . their drama pulsating across continents and oceans. Excitingly, Norma Shearer exceeds the beauty and allure of her "Divorcee", and "Strangers May Kiss" fame. Never so glorious as now...in her new picture she is truly The First Lady of the Screen!

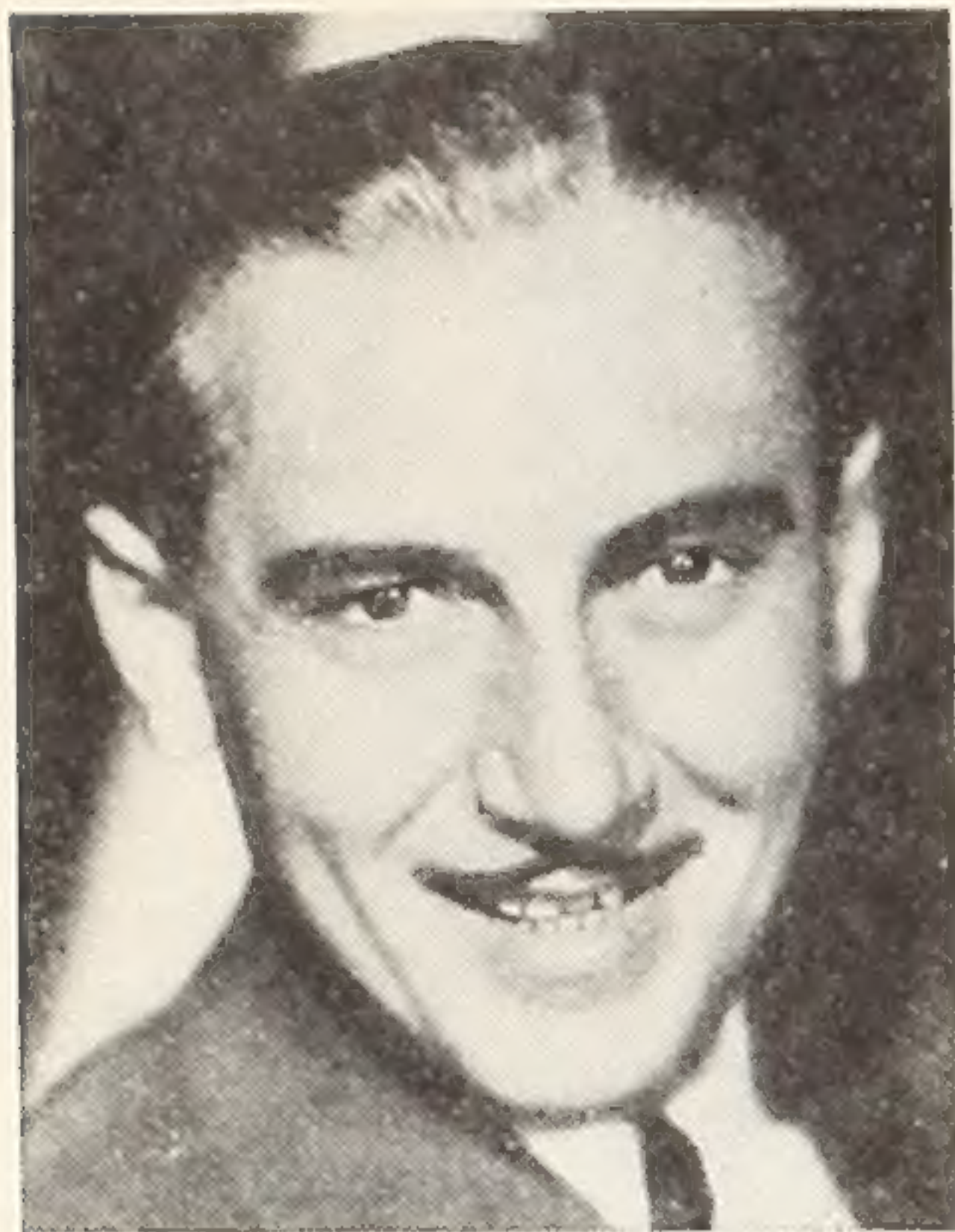
Norma Shearer

ROBERT MONTGOMERY
in
RIP TIDE

HERBERT MARSHALL
MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL
Written and Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
AN IRVING THALBERG PRODUCTION



A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



PAUL
LUKAS

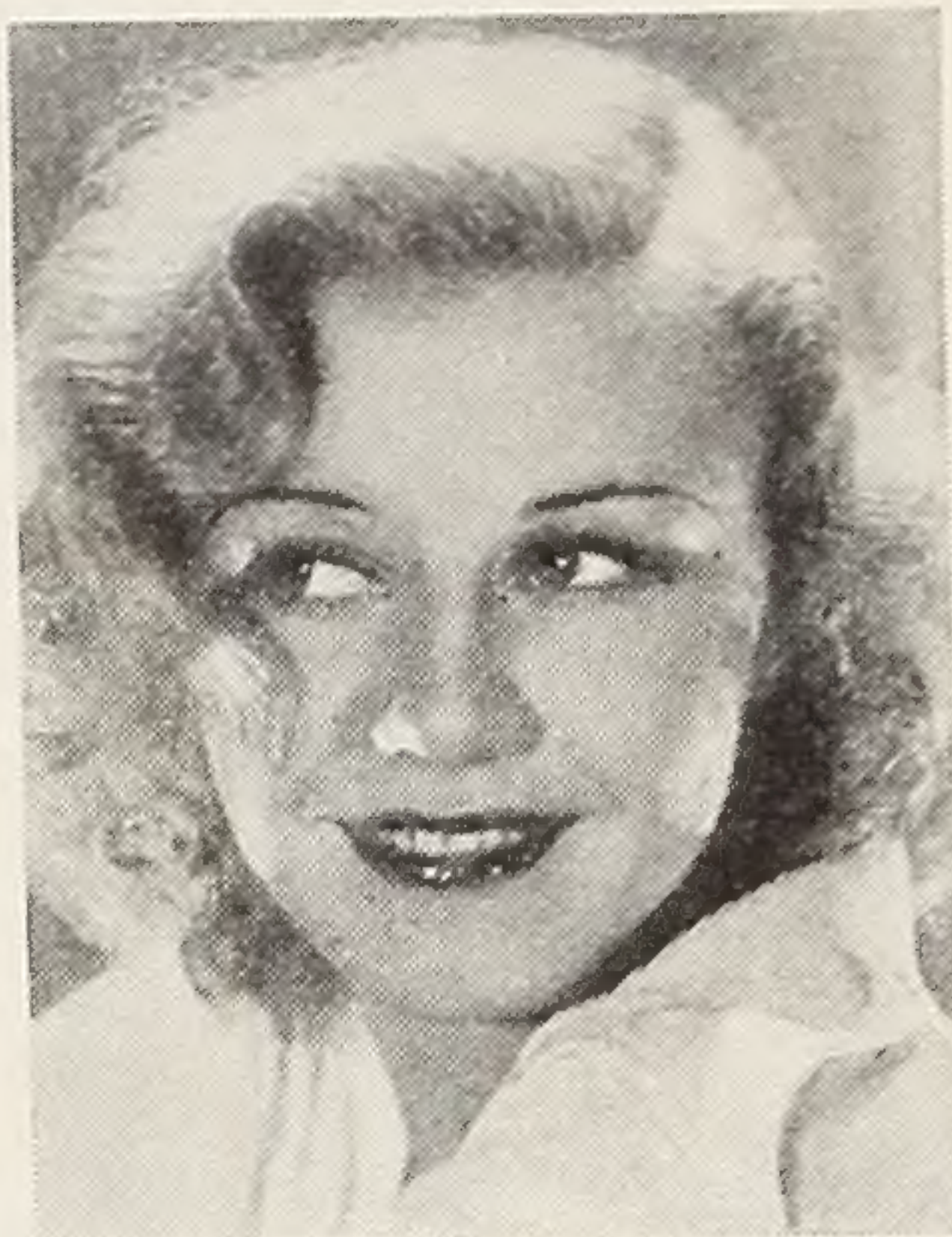
Cardboard ca-
resses unter den
Linden.

ALICE
BRADY
X marks spot-
light; the time-
table school of
acting.



LILIAN
HARVEY

Titter, set in
rhinestones; cus-
tard under glass.

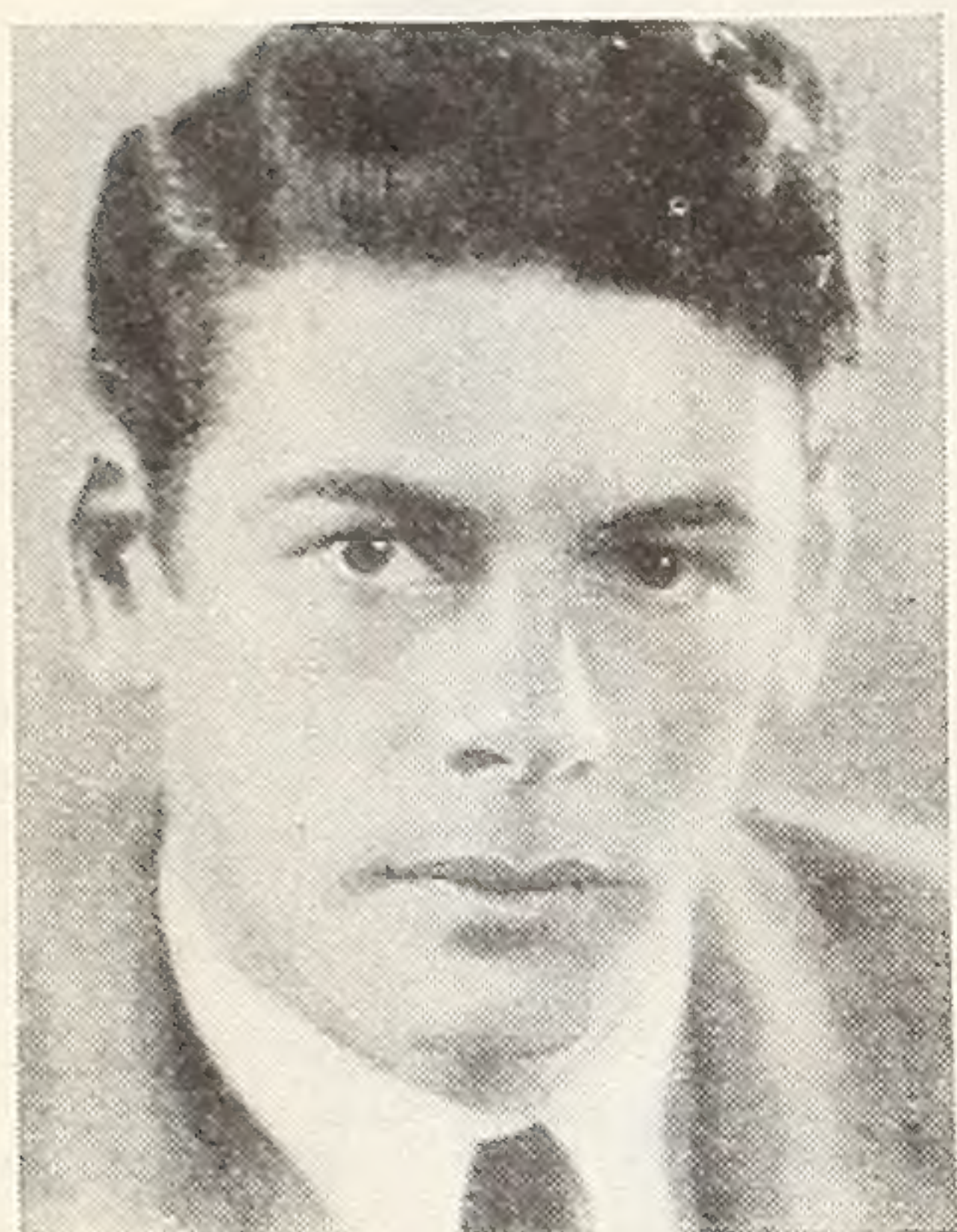


GINGER
ROGERS
Sex in a half-pint
bottle.



OTTO
KRUGER

Romance in a tou-
pee; floorwalkers
on painted seas.



PAUL
MUNI

Soviet version of
Edwin Booth;
raw meat and
rum.

Vignettes in Vinegar

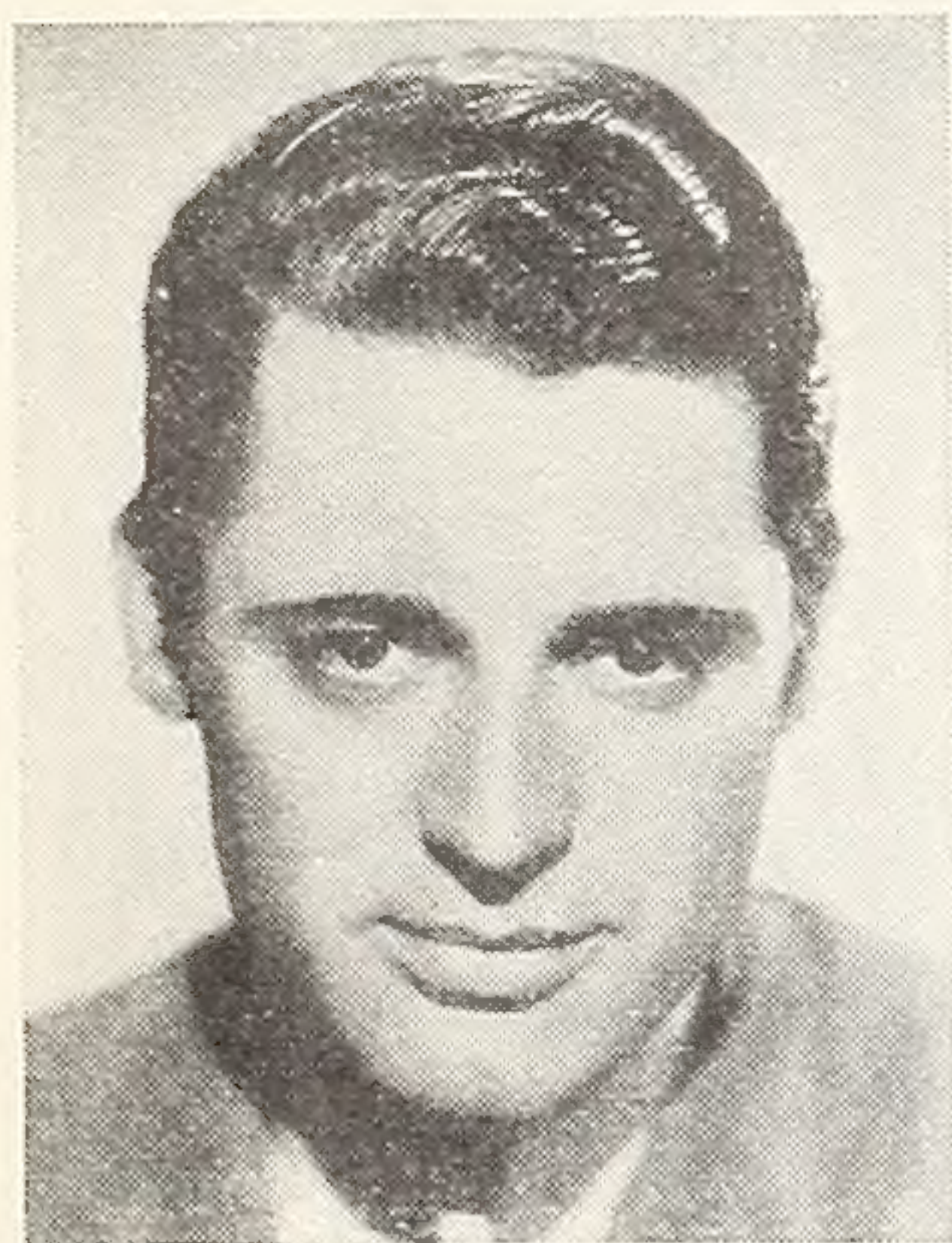
Duck, you Hollywood darlings!
Here come those velvet brickbats!

By Malcolm H. Oettinger



JACK
LA RUE

Mildewed bust of
Eros; cupid in a
reformatory.



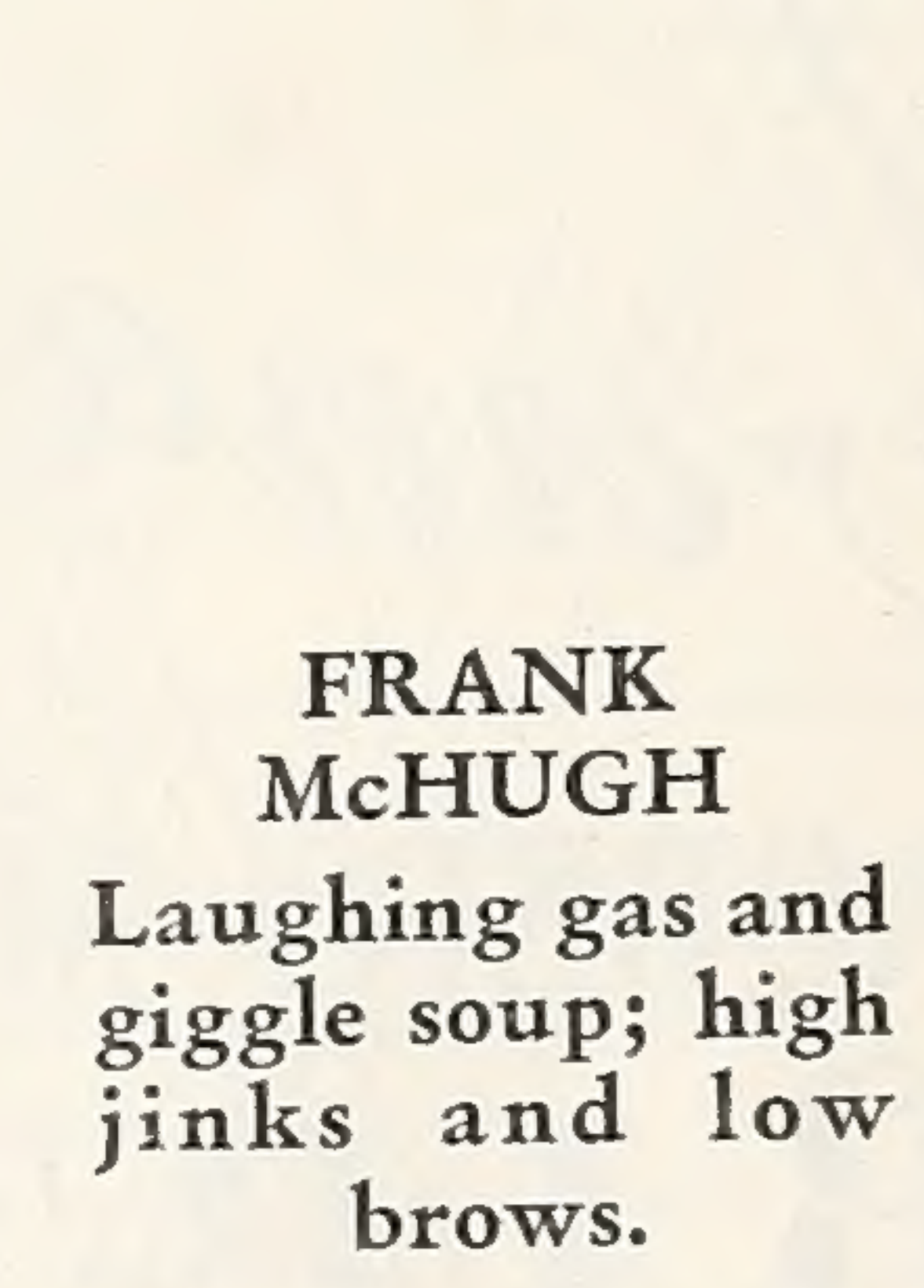
CARY
GRANT

Seagoing polo
player; varsity
timber.



ADRIENNE
AMES

Lady with tiger;
Sutton Place
burns.



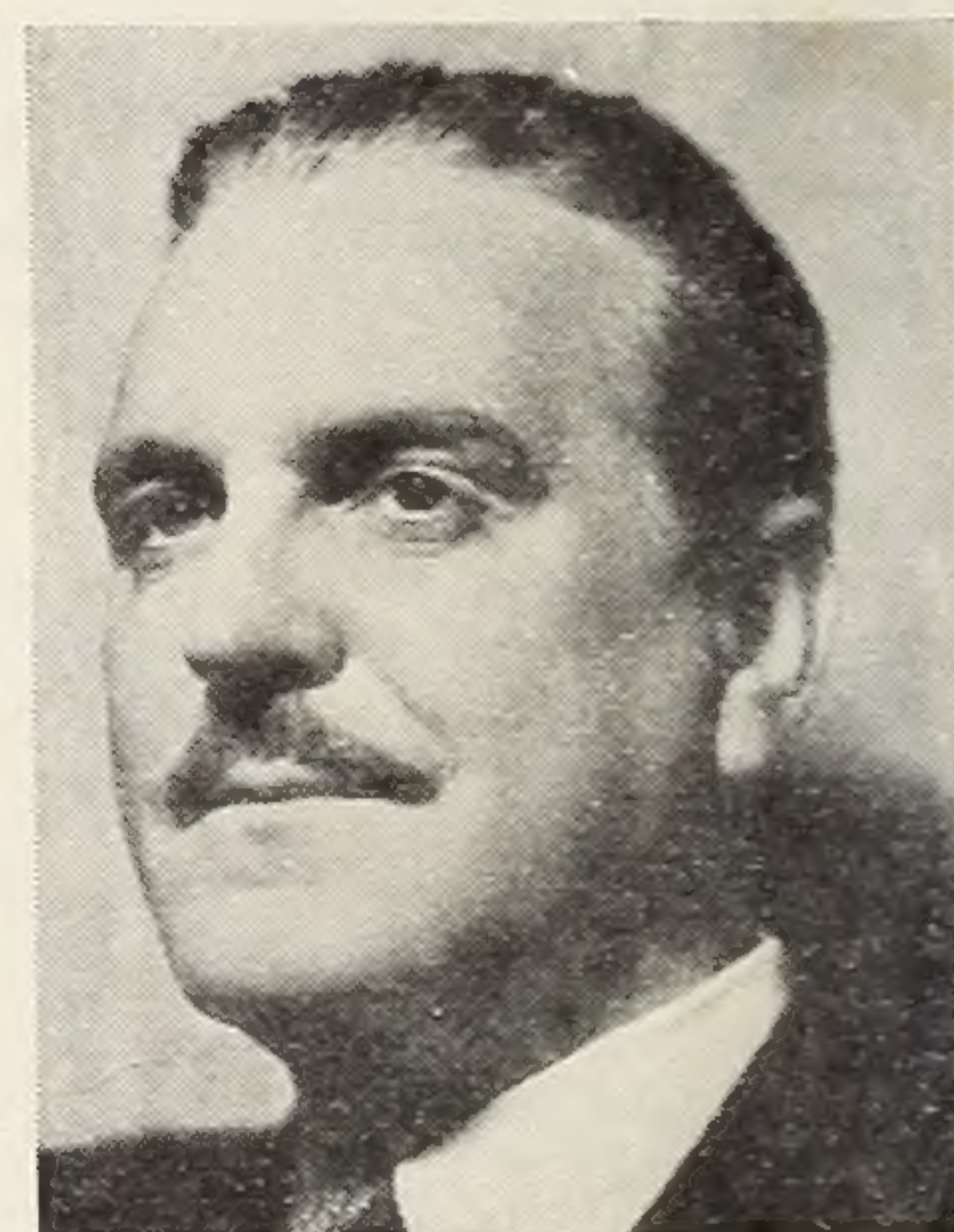
FRANK
McHUGH

Laughing gas and
giggle soup; high
jinks and low
brows.



GLEND
FARRELL

Aimee McPherson
doing nip-ups in
Childs window.



FRANK
MORGAN

Penguins and silk
hats; inertia tri-
umphant.



LIONEL
ATWILL

His Majesty in a
padded cell; a
loud echo, wear-
ing spats.

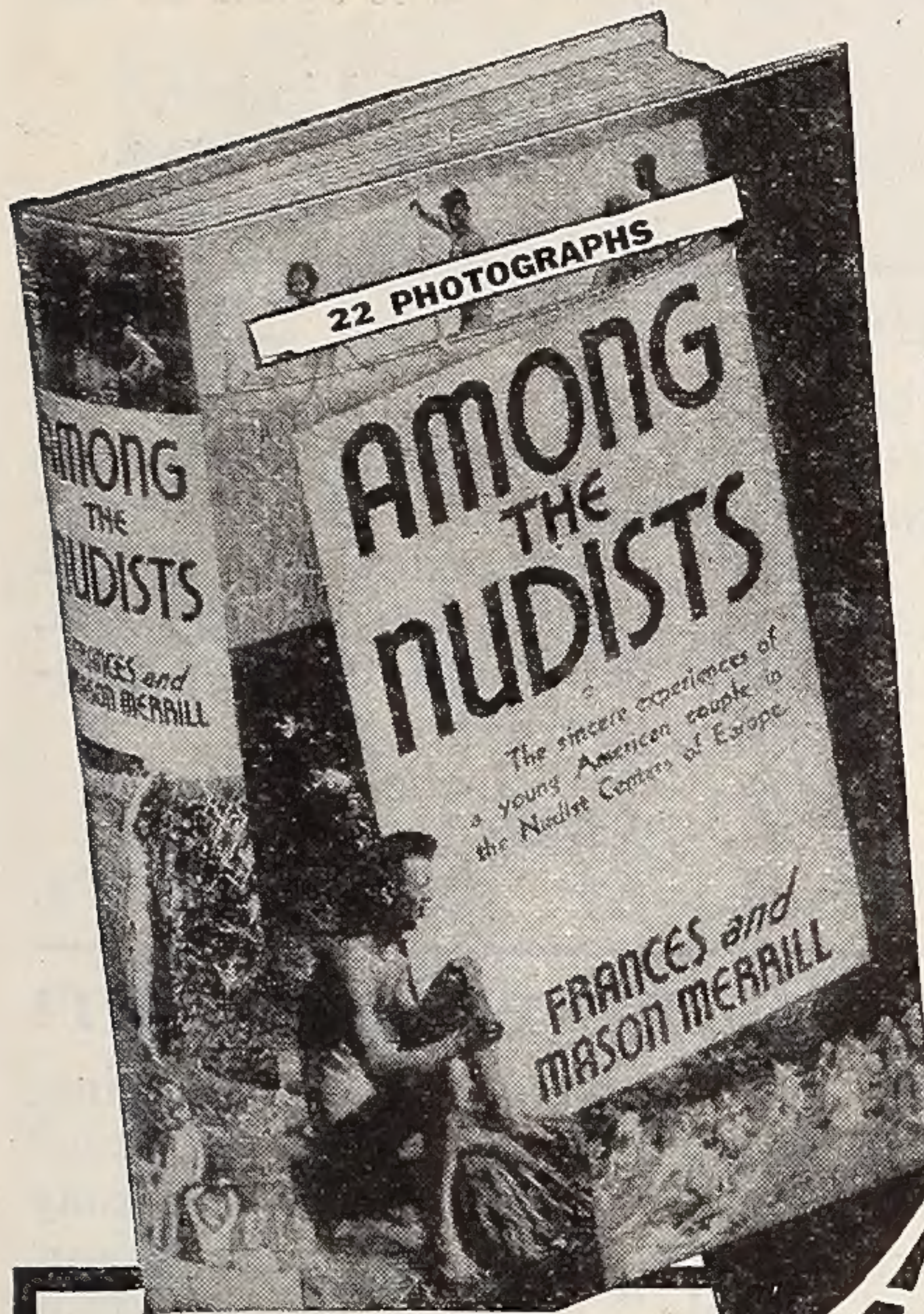


DUDLEY
DIGGES

Zeus in a water-
front saloon.



What Really Goes On in a NUDIST COLONY?



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WHAT do you really think or KNOW about Nudism? Are you shocked? . . . Or do you simply laugh at the stories circulating about it? . . . Or do you agree that it is high time you knew what is actually behind this sensational movement, which is suddenly sending thousands of men and women into the woods to romp "in the altogether"?

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that took place in their ideas of morality. "Among the Nudists" is an outspoken description of what really goes on behind the fences of the Nudist colonies—told by two people who joined one. And 22 actual photographs, untouched by artist's paint or censor's patch, show you the activities in these out-of-the-way camps.

Here is the true story of why so many thousands of men and women are eager to go around without a stitch on them. Here are the reasons why this "escape" of the more unconventional Germans and French is gaining such an amazing foothold in America today.

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IS Nudism merely a revolt against conventions—or is it really the wholesome, natural way to live?

DOES shame vanish when clothing is cast off—or is nakedness a constantly embarrassing reminder?

HOW long a time elapses before a nudist newcomer feels perfectly at home in the camp?

HOW does Nudity affect the thoughts, the body, the emotions?

"AMONG THE NUDISTS" TELLS YOU FRANKLY. And for still more facts about this increasingly prevalent practice—

Also see No. 161 below

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The first eight letters receive prizes of \$5.00 each

WISE WORDS ON THE "CYCLE" MENACE

In art there is good authority for playing "the sedulous ape." But when film producers persist in playing it in front of each other's mirrors, the result can only be the same old monkey business.

Their competitors' successes are usually based on good books or plays. Why not go there?

Mary E. Ross,
116 Carling Ave.,
Ottawa, Ont., Canada.

WITH APOLOGIES TO MOOK!

My leis go to:—

Garbo, who knows the difference between fascination and mere sex;

Ann Harding and Clive Brook, who achieve dignity without sacrificing charm;

Helen Mack, who is sweet without gurgling;

And, finally, Dick Mook, because he boosted Ann Hovey, local girl—who merits the break!

Helen Cherrill,
Mt. Vernon, Ind.

HE'S NO ESQUIMO!

When an actor emanates charm, or fine looks, or ingenious acting—he's good. When he combines all these traits, and in addition *lives* his part—why, then he's Francis Lederer! This superb actor in "Man of Two Worlds" is due to accelerate many feminine hearts in the future. Watch him!

James F. Victorin,
2109 So. 58th Ave.,
Cicero, Ill.

SENSE ABOUT CENSORSHIP

If we must have censors, why not give them a course in the Mae West type of healthy, robust humor? "Henry VIII," uncensored, was magnificently human. But censored—what a difference! Plot and acting became confused, distorting the entire meaning. The censored scenes weren't vulgar, but became so when removed.

Betty Porter,
Tucson, Ariz.

"PRINCE JOHN" AS PRINCE HAMLET?

Bring Shakespeare's "Hamlet" to the screen with John Barrymore in the title rôle, and I predict a box-office sensation! Barrymore's "Hamlet" on the stage is still considered the best characterization of the

last twenty years. Let's see it again in the films.

S. Leslie Pinsker,
693 Schuyler Ave.,
Kingston, Pa.

A LYRICAL HYMN TO HELEN

Come back, Helen Hayes! I miss the light of reality. When you're absent from the screen I find no one else who has your warmth, sincerity, and ardent tenderness in handling a rôle. Yours is a lovely spirit, emanating beauty from within and touching the responsive chord in us.

Isobel Rankin,
549 N. Neville St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE UNINHIBITED HERBERT!

Who has the most completely charming, subtly caressing masculine voice in films? Herbert Marshall—none other! He may have been an inhibited chemist in "Four Frightened People," but you simply know that no man with inhibitions ever had a voice like that—nor any chemist! Count yours blessings, Mr. Paramount!

Beatrice McLoughlin,
121-16 103rd Ave.,
Richmond Hill, L. I.

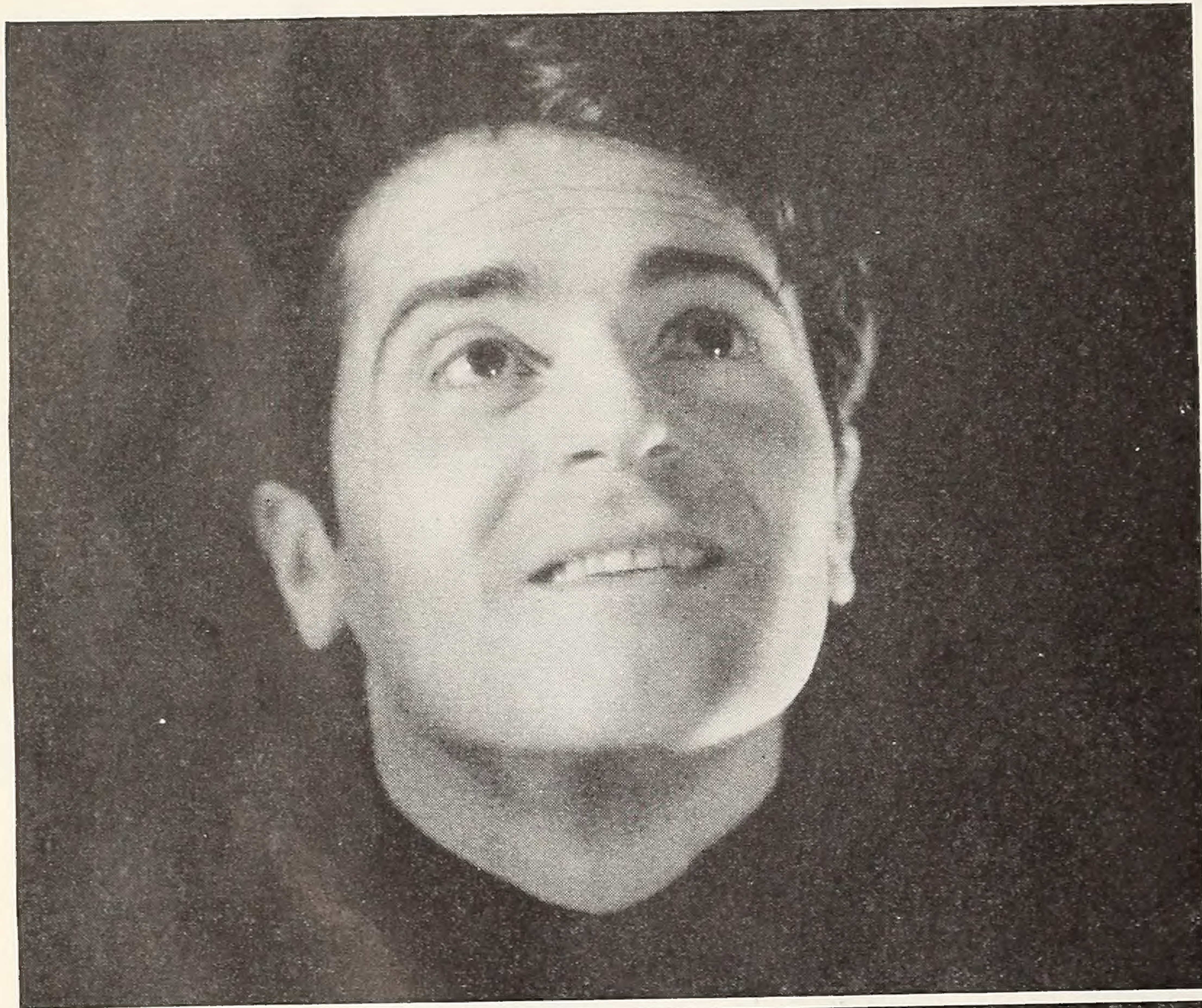
CASTING A "BEST-SELLER"

I read recently that "Anthony Adverse" is soon to reach the screen. May I hereby give vent to some of my suggestions for the various characters?

Anthony Adverse: Fredric March.

Maria: Heather Angel.

(Continued on page 97)



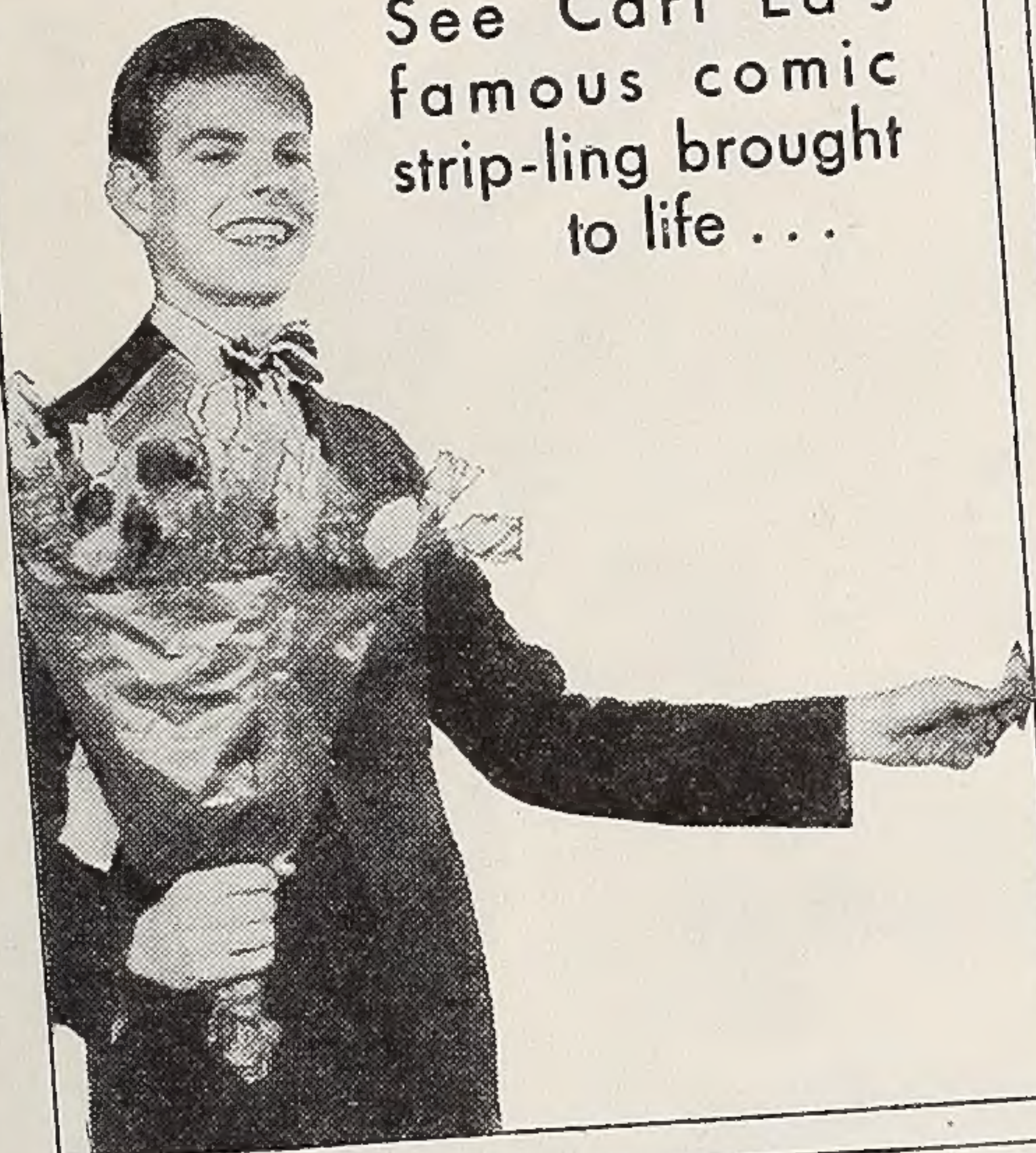
NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

Lederer leads! The appealing Francis, fresh from his stage triumphs, made a hit with screen audiences in his first American film, "Man of Two Worlds." Watch for his next!

HAROLD TEEN

He's in the Movies
Now . . . Thanks to
WARNER BROS.

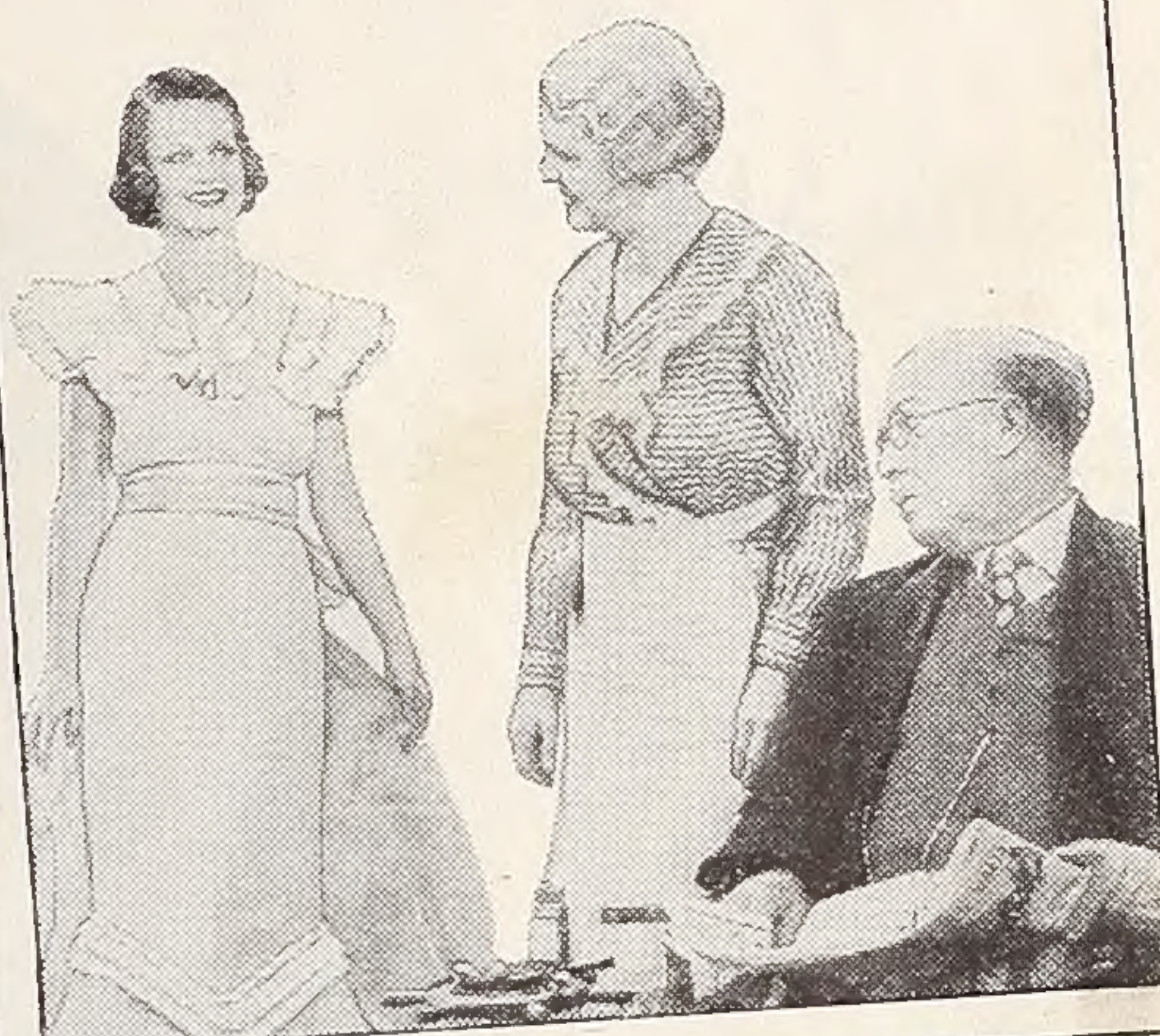
See Carl Ed's
famous comic
strip-ling brought
to life . . .



With Hal LeRoy, boy wonder
of "Wonder Bar", as Harold . . .



And Lillums in the flesh, played
by adorable Rochelle Hudson . . .



With Mimi (Patricia Ellis) and
Pa Lovewell (Guy Kibbee) . . .



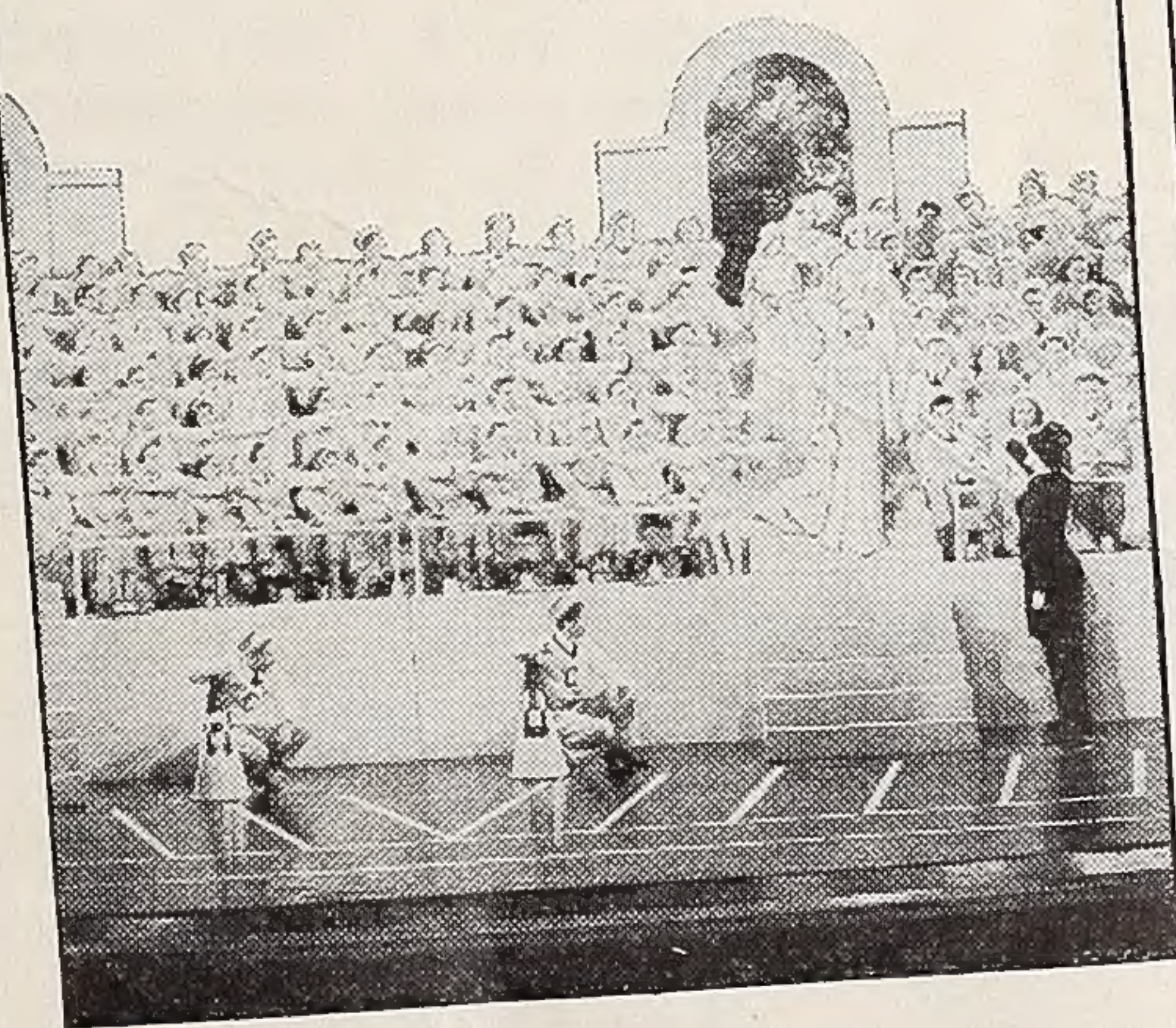
And all the other lovable folk
of your favorite funny feature!



Watch Broad-
way's greatest
tap-dancer
do his stuff
in "Collegiate
Wedding" . . .



And 4 other big spectacle
song numbers in the famous
Warner Bros. manner.



It has "univer-
sal appeal"
says "Variety
Daily", noted
Hollywood
authority.



Don't miss it if you like to laugh.
At leading theatres soon!



With Hugh Herbert—Hobart Cavanaugh—Directed by Murray Roth

SCREENLAND

Honor Page

To Jean Muir
in "As The
Earth Turns"



In the circle, a whole-souled grin that's going places! Below, Jean Muir with handsome Donald Woods, her leading man in "As The Earth Turns."



A new girl graces the screen! Her name is Jean Muir, and we believe she has the gift of potential greatness. We say this because, in her first important picture part, she wins her way into your heart sweetly, sanely, surely; and her image stays with you even after you have left the theatre. Jean Muir, as the fine Maine farm girl in "As The Earth Turns," seems inspired to present the ideal of wholesome American womanhood as no other movie girl has ever done before. Say what you will, the American public has always worshipped at the shrine of some one actress whose appeal has been high and clean—remember Maude Adams and Mary Pickford! Jean Muir is that actress, today, on the screen: symbol, modern style.

MARGARET SULLAVAN

THE GIRL YOU
"LOVED IN"
ONLY YESTERDAY

in

HANS FALLADA

**LITTLE
MAN.**

WHAT

NOW?

Translated by ERIC SUTTON

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

FROM THE BOOK OF THE YEAR
COMES THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR

Presented by CARL LAEMMLE

IT'S A UNIVERSAL!



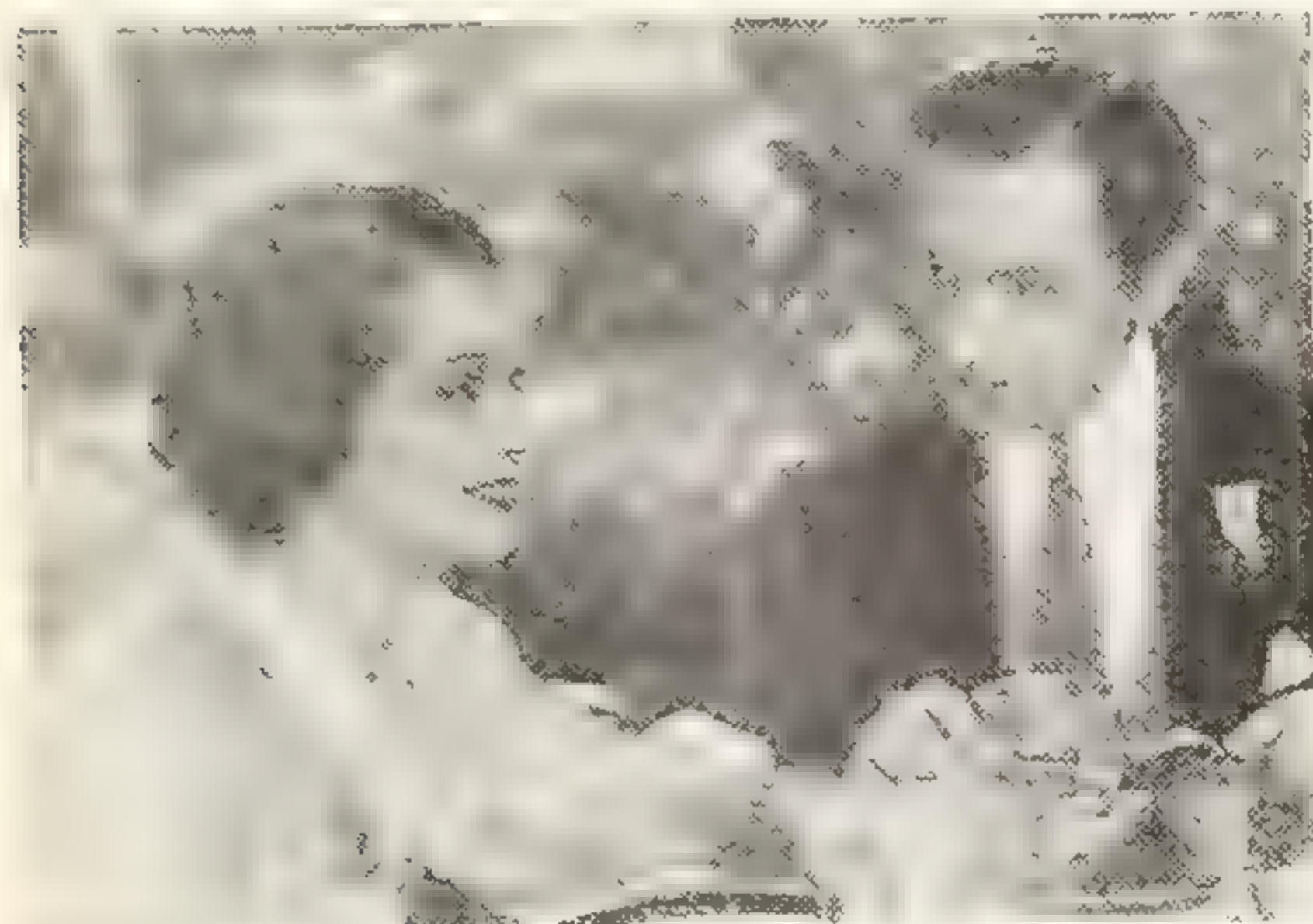
Bolero
Para-
mount

George Raft is one of our unique personalities. By all means, if you like Raft, see this. If not—! It is the story of a dancer who struggles for an opportunity. Just as he reaches fame, war is declared. He goes away, and returns a broken reed. The dramatic finale, when he attempts to execute his old bolero dance and dies of heart failure, will thrill you. Carole Lombard is excellent, and Sally Rand's fan dance is a nifty display.



**Looking
for
Trouble**
Twen-
tieth
Century

You won't get much chance to catch your breath while viewing this saga of a telephone repairman's career, which races along at breakneck speed from murder to robbery to fire to earthquake. Director William Wellman has fashioned a sensational thriller of this telephonic romance, ably assisted by crackling dialogue and the expert performances of Spencer Tracy, Constance Cummings, Jack Oakie, and Arline Judge.



**Death
Takes a
Holiday**
Para-
mount

An interesting venture into screen fantasy, this picture is more important for what it attempts than for what it actually achieves. The idea of Death visiting the earth in human form and winning the love of a sensitive girl who accompanies him back into the shadows, is poetically charming. But it makes for neither satisfactory symbolism nor believable drama. Fredric March plays a difficult rôle with distinction; Evelyn Venable scores.



**I've
Got
Your
Number**
First
National

Here's a fast-moving melodrama built for laughs, with a great cast of comedians making the pace faster. Your laugh favorite and mine, Joan Blondell, rings the bell as a "hello girl," and Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins, as telephone "trouble" men, furnish the laughter assisted by Glenda Farrell. The story has to do with the varied excitements encountered by 'phone repairmen on their daily rounds. Lots of action!

Tagging the Talkies

*Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 56-57*



**The
Search
for
Beauty**
Para-
mount

Buster Crabbe and that dazzlingly pretty Ida Lupino, in partnership with the Messrs. James Gleason and Bob Armstrong, found a physical culture school for the purpose of building up the American physique. The outcome involves both romance and fun, not to mention acres of clear-eyed youths and maidens doing calisthenics all over the landscape. Despite the too-sober idealization of beautiful biceps, it's an amusing film.



**Madame
Spy**
Uni-
versal

Here's a Kiplingesque version of "Frankie and Johnny" which has its exciting moments, with Kay Francis looking extremely lovely as the Rangoon dance hall charmer, and Ricardo Cortez as the man "who done her wrong." Lyle Talbot is good as a heavy-drinking doctor turned hero, and dat ol' daval, Warner Oland, is at his slinkiest. Has a grand murder twist in it, interesting scenes on a jungle river boat, and plenty romance.



**Devil
Tiger**
Fox

With a fictional romance adding interest to the thrilling and authentic jungle scenes, this wild-animal film is one of the better offerings of its kind. There are many exciting shots of the ferocious jungle denizens, with the usual rip-snorting battles among the beasts, though you might consider some of these to have a "stagey" appearance. Much credit is due Truman Talley for his expert editing of the various scenes. See this.

**This
Side
of
Heaven**
M-G-M



Lionel Barrymore and director William K. Howard divide the honors in this head-long yarn covering the adventures in the lives of an entire family over the space of two days. There's one scene in which Barrymore is striving to fight off the effects of a dose of poison, which for sustained drama and agonizing suspense has rarely been equalled. Fay Bainter scores in her film debut; Mae Clarke, and Mary Carlisle.



Beloved
Uni-
versal

Three generations pass before us in this panoramic story with a charming musical background. Carl Haussman struggles all his life to win recognition for the symphonic masterpiece he has composed—only to find, near his life's end, that his young grandson is "lifting" his themes to make popular music. But the youth makes amends, and the old composer dies peacefully. John Boles and Gloria Stuart excel in the chief rôles.



Palooka
United
Artists

Durante carries on—and we mean that any way you care to take it! As a slightly hysterical and very shady fight manager, he's grand and goofy as ever. Stu Erwin, as a harmless pug, does a fine acting job, and William Cagney performs in a way that his illustrious brother might envy. In short, this is a swell show, and don't blame us if you miss it. There's Lupe, too, who refers to Schnozzle as "beak boy!"



**Manda-
lay**
First
National

You'll enjoy this exciting photoplay, if you are not handicapped by having seen too many of its recent predecessors in the "woman-spy" tradition. Fay Wray is the lovely and self-sacrificing operative, and Nils Asther is the enemy officer whom she marries to gain her sinister ends only to find herself in love with him for his own sake. There's a sure-fire persuasiveness about this story despite its lack of novelty.

Tagging the Talkies



**Dark
Hazard
First
National**

Let's all welcome Edward G. Robinson back in a rôle after our own hearts, that of a cocky little gambler who takes bad luck along with good and laughs it off. Not jackpots, but racing dogs, are Eddie's passion in this one. And *Dark Hazard*, the sleek racing pooch, practically steals the love interest from Glenda Farrell and Gen Tobin.



**Long
Lost
Father
R-K-O**

As a repentant parent who meets the daughter he abandoned in her childhood, and is shocked to find her following the primrose path to ruin, John Barrymore plays with his usual vigor and charm. Helen Chandler, too, is effective as the devil-may-care daughter in this film from G. B. Stern's novel. After flouting her father's interference she finally consents to be saved.



**All of
Me
Para-
mount**

Self-sacrifice runs rampant on the screen in this melodrama-with-a-problem. After Miriam Hopkins risks her high social position to rescue George Raft and Helen Mack from a jam, they commit suicide for each other's sake. (No, *you* figure it out!) The film contrasts the dilletantish romancing of the rich with the forthright methods of the lowly. All the principals, including Fredric March, are excellent.



**Journal
of a
Crime
First
National**

Well, they've given Ruth Chatterton one of her best pictures, and about time, too! Adolphe Menjou is her leading man. A great combination! Here are a Parisian background, a swell murder mystery, plot twists you don't expect, and a brand new kind of retribution. Ruth bumps off a lovely actress—Claire Dodd—who has naughty designs on her husband, then the fun begins.

(Continued on page 95)



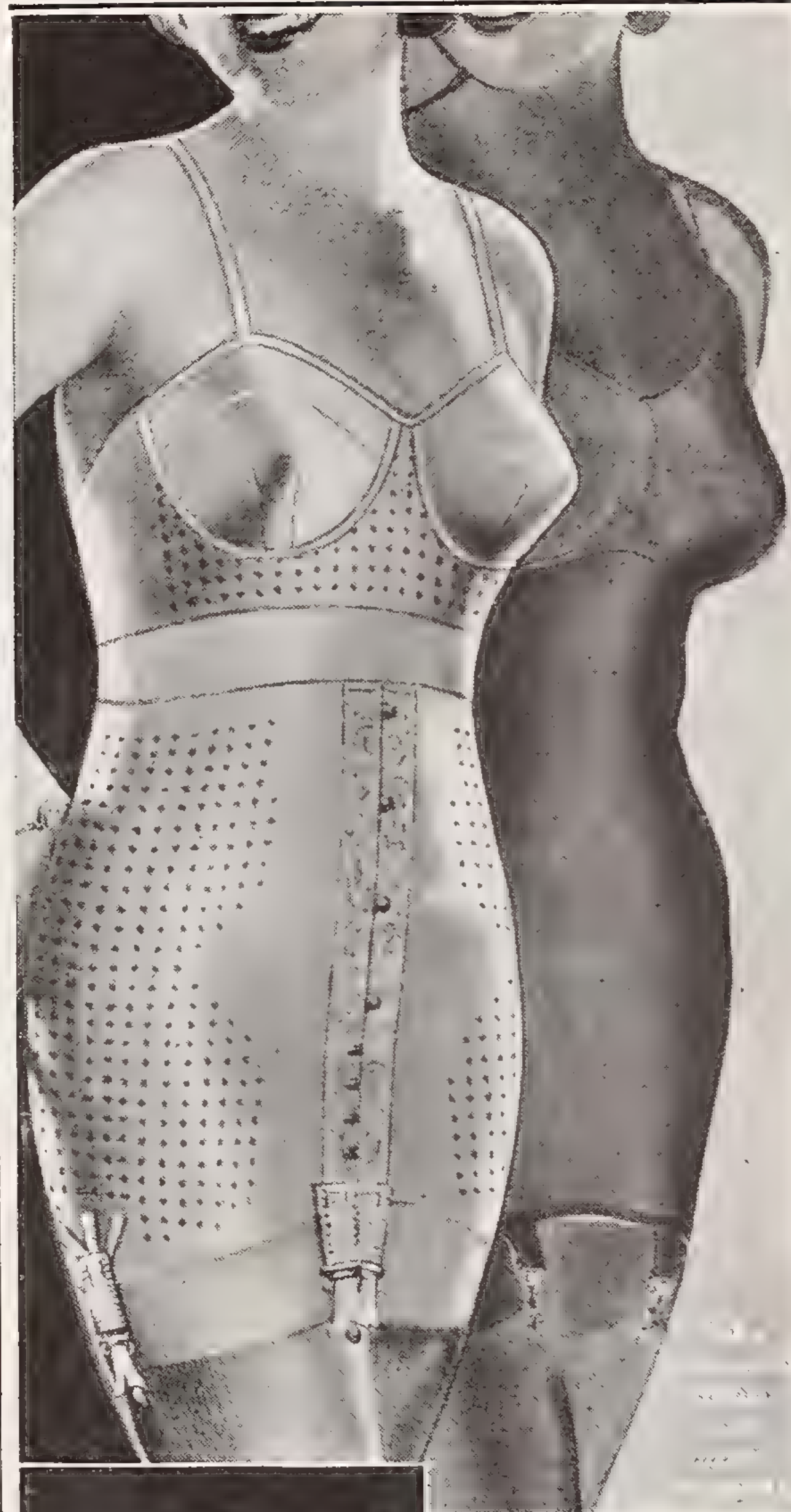
Reduce...

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

with the

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

...or it will cost you nothing!



WE WANT YOU

to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES

QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

In 10 Short Days You Can Be YOUR SLIMMER SELF...

WITHOUT EXERCISE, DIET OR DRUGS!

■ "I REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE," writes Miss Jean Healy. "The fat seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McSorley. "I reduced my waist from 43½ to 34½ inches," writes Mrs. B. Brian. "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carrol.

These are only a few of hundreds of letters from women who have tested the Perfolastic Girdle!

TEST... the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE at our expense!

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results. Don't wait any longer... act today!

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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name

Address

City State

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



Taking the Air!

Little moments with "big shots" who ride the radio lanes

By Mortimer Franklin



Rudy goes on forever! Young Mr. Vallee, who first made America croon-conscious, is still wowing 'em weekly. He's a real movie star now, too—in "Scandals."

WHAT have God and Marconi wrought? Look at it from whatever angle you will—examine it through a microscope or long-distance binoculars—inspect it from behind or before—squint at it through a monocle or with the naked orb. From wherever you stand, one tremendous fact about radio, in this thirteenth year of its existence, hops out and smacks you in the eye.

That fact? It's simply the incredible advance in quality and dignity that radio entertainment has achieved in the dozen years since the great Guglielmo waved the magic wand of his genius and cried, "Let there be sound!"

Does your taste run to popular music, whether hot, sweet, or neo-classical? Then the anointed high priests of this difficult and dangerous art, with their bands of accomplished henchmen, are at the beck of your finger—the twist of your dial. Or do you crave the soulful strains of serious music as poured from the minds of the Great Masters? Then the rarest and most gifted singers, instrumentalists and conductors on earth labor to please you by day and by night.

If you yearn for diversion by the comic muse, the foremost jesters of the show world are yours for the tuning-in. Or if the beguilements of high dramatic art are your heart's desire, the greatest names of

the stage wait upon you. Even if you seek instruction on the problems of the day, professors and pundits, statesmen and sages, leap to enlighten you.

From every conceivable walk of life, radio has gathered the topmost cream of talent, training and expert knowledge to set it before you.

No, I'm not harboring any sweet delusion of letting you in on something new and spicy. Nor am I hopeful that the thought of this cyclonic coming-of-age of Radio will strike you all of a heap as it suddenly has me. Nevertheless, in sitting back to consider the vast and all-embracing field of radio broadcasting, this is the first and most overwhelming thing one has to digest. In short:

All of goodness, truth, and beauty,
All of joy and pleasant duty,
All delights at which no mortal man may scoff,
These the treasures radio lends you.
(And if ever it offends you,
You can always turn the blame thing off!)

Are radio stars people?

Assuming that they are of earthly flesh and blood, and not members of some superior race of beings, then have they *always* been able to do their fascinating stuff on the ozone and make it come off with that same clock-like precision that they now achieve—as sure and inevitable as death, taxes, and jokes about Durante's schnozzle? Or have there been times in the lives of your favorite ether-agitators when, through whatever fault, some little slip-up provided an anxious moment in the delivery of a



Don't believe Annette Hanshaw, prettiest of Cap'n Henry's Show Boat warblers, when she insists she isn't good movie material.



De Bellis

Big-timer! Nino Martini, youthful tenor, is the first grand-opera star whose fame was built upon his radio work.

The Editor's Page.

An Open Letter to Margaret Sullivan



The only time Margaret Sullivan has ever been caught napping! Between scenes of hard work in "Little Man, What Now?" for Universal.

WAKE UP!

I want to congratulate you.

First, on grabbing one of the prize acting plums of the screen season, the lovely heroine of "Little Man, What Now?"

Second, on having the good sense to change your personal "act."

I'm not surprised. I knew it all the time. A grand Southern girl like you shouldn't go in for lonely grandeur. That warm, vibrant voice of yours gives you away. Oh, I know there's a legend that you began by imitating Ethel Barrymore's throaty cello and kept it up. But after watching you and listening to you in "Only Yesterday" I'm convinced that you're no snooty synthetic Garbo-Hepburn, but very human, very natural, very real.

You want to know how I know? Well, I saw you coming out of the projection room after the first New York private showing of "Little Women." You hurried out and drew to one side of the crowd and began frantically powdering your nose. I was trying to do the same thing. And when a mutual friend introduced us, you had the same far-away look in your eyes that I knew I had, and that was because we were both swept away by the wonder of that great picture. You weren't aloof then, Margaret. You were melted! No small-talk, no stellar "performance." You stood there and for the moment I believe you'd forgotten that you, too, were a screen star. Your emotional imagination had been so stirred that you forgot all about yourself. I respected you for that.

And now you are showing great good sense by getting into the spirit of your success. You actually posed for pictures showing you cutting the cake at Carl

Laemmle's anniversary party. Personally, I don't see why not, because "Uncle Carl" is one of the finest and most ingratiating men in the motion picture business. I'd be proud to cut his birthday cake! But you're a star, and that's different! You'd been pretty independent what with "insulting" well-meaning interviewers, and running from photographers, and all the rest of the "Garbo business." So I was glad to see you melt—and keep right on melting. Those lovely fashion pictures you posed for, Margaret, which appeared in the last issue of this Magazine, brought in almost as many favorable letters about you as your grand performance in "Only Yesterday."

Keep right on going! You're headed in the right direction. And you'll find more followers on the friendly road than you ever dreamed of. I venture to say you'll even find yourself liking "all that" before long—although you'll probably never admit it!

You have a great chance of becoming young picture-going America's favorite heroine. There's nothing weird about your work. Not like Hepburn, highly stylized. But a girl we can all understand; a girl we like; a girl we can sympathize with.

So wake up and stay friendly! We're all for you, and we like to feel that you're for us.

Delight Evans

Have They a Right

Face this problem frankly!
Must you possess your film
favorites body and soul? Join this
daring discussion!

Some Say Yes!



Hepburn, above. Garbo, right, below. Are their
lives their own—or yours?

KATHARINE HEPBURN, upon alighting from a Pullman in a New York railway station, hid her face in her hands to prevent newspaper photographers from snapping her picture. She ran, not walked, to the nearest taxi.

Constance Bennett, finding her private affairs annoyingly, (to her), made public by the press, threatened to file million dollar damage suits unless writers ceased broadcasting her personal activities.

Greta Garbo has consistently refused to bare her private life. John Barrymore will not permit himself to be interviewed except during those rare moments when he is in mellow mood—rare moments, indeed. Janet Gaynor has placed a ban against most interviewers because they pry too deeply into her personal affairs.

Ronald Colman, Zasu Pitts, Kay Francis, Marlene Dietrich and many more stars have sought to maintain private lives quite apart from their professional careers.

Now the question arises: *Has a motion picture star the right to live his own life?*

Or does he, by reason of the dedication of his life to the public, forfeit the privilege of withholding his personal affairs from that same public?

It is now common knowledge that when Miss Hepburn was first interviewed in Hollywood, she made many con-

flicting statements. She said, "I am married." She said, "I am not married." She said, "I have no children" and "I do not remember whether I have children." She uttered other such idiotically contradictory allegations.

One day I asked Katharine why she made such obvious attempts to befuddle the press.

"Because my private life is my own," she replied. "What has the fact that I am or am not married got to do with my ability to act? If I have a child, does that make me a finer emotional actress? People are not interested in my private life. They are only interested in my professional career."

Says you, Katty! Says I, though, the public is not only interested in your private life, but the public has a right to know about your personal affairs.

You are public property, Katharine Hepburn. Millions of people admire you. Thousands of your followers emulate your manner of dressing, or your way of fixing your hair, or your style of speech.

These millions of movie-goers made you what you are today. By their trust in you, and by their love, they stationed you on a high pedestal. You are *their* property, Katharine Hepburn. Whatever they may wish to know about you, they are entitled to know.

Of course, Greta Garbo can hardly be included in this story, because her retirement from public gaze may be called an "act." Long before anybody else thought of building a mystery around his private life, Garbo became a Hollywood legend. I am positive that the public pre-



to a Private Life?

Some Say No!

By
James Marion

fers that the Garbo legend be maintained. I believe the public resents efforts to pry into her personal affairs.

Yet even Garbo cannot escape a portion of key-hole reporting. Her recent automobile trips to out-of-state towns at some distance from Hollywood—trips on which she was accompanied by Rouben Mamoulian, the director with whom she is supposedly in love—commanded world-wide newspaper bannerlines.

Of course, there is a limit to prying into personal lives of the stars, or there *should* be a limit. Janet Gaynor barred several interviewers from her life because they insisted upon writing stories to the effect that she and Charles Farrell were in love, despite the fact that Janet was married to another man, and Charlie to another woman.

Such stories are not reporting. They are evil-minded fabrications. While I maintain that the stars are not entitled to withhold their private lives from the public, I also maintain that writers are not entitled to distort stories to make the lives of the stars seem what they are not.

My principal reason for argument that stars' personal lives should be public property is that the public itself demands to know all about its favorites. If the public were not interested, I'd say the private affairs of the players might well enough be left alone.

But when John Public and Jane Public pay their dollars to see Katharine Hepburn and Ann Harding and Charlie Chaplin on the screen, and when this same public



Harlow, above. Madge Evans, left, below. Can they ever hope for privacy?



learns to worship those stars, I think they are entitled to full knowledge of how their favorites live.

Once Ronald Colman told an interviewer, "If you want to write about me, write about my professional work. Write about my screen rôles, or about my acting."

Is Colman so conceited as to think that interesting stories can be done about only his screen rôles and his ability as an actor? After all, his screen work talks for itself. I grant that he is a fine actor, or he would not have survived the test of time in motion pictures.

But the public that adores Colman on the screen wants to know what the real man is like. His idolizers, who feel that they actually *know* Colman because they have seen his pictures so often, want to be told about the intimacies of his life. What kind of girls does he like? What does he do to amuse himself? Does he dance, and with whom? Is he married, or has he been married?

And why, I question, isn't the public entitled to know the answers to such questions? Why aren't the thousands of girls who imagine they are in love with Colman entitled to know if he dances, or if he enjoys the same shows they enjoy, or if he participates in the same amusements that entertain them? Remember, these girls can't go on forever adoring a screen-shadow that talks. If they are to adore the man and (Continued on page 93)

Screenland Romance Contest

MARION DAVIES

Inspires You
To Enter Her Contest!

The Sunshine
Star offers a
beautiful gift!
Marion leads
our Six Star
Contest!

JUNE brides, attention! Everybody, listen! If you're 18—or 68—it's all right. You're Romantic, or you wouldn't be interested in the movies. And you wouldn't be reading about our new contest, dedicated to Romance, sponsored by Hollywood stars who believe in Romance, too, or they wouldn't be in the movies!

Some of your screen favorites, leading off with Marion Davies, are offering you Romantic prizes,—appealing if you're going to be a June Bride, or that Bride's younger sister, or older aunt, or mother, or grandmother; or brother, or the lucky bridegroom himself! You'll be interested in the prizes, and you'll be interested in the competition for its own sake.

Just write a Pen Portrait, not over 15 words in length, and as few as 5 or 6 words if you like, about any one or every one of the following stars: Marion Davies, Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, Myrna Loy, Madge Evans, Jean Parker. You may enter any one, or all six, of the contests; but limit your Pen Portraits to one each for each of the six stars. One person may win all six contests; or two, or four, according to the decision of the judges as to the merit of the Pen Portraits. On the other hand, the six prizes may be awarded to six different people, according to the merit of the entries. There is positively no age limit. Men and women, boys and girls, are equally eligible.

The listed stars, SCREENLAND'S Editor, and Malcolm H. Oettinger, well-known screen magazine writer, will be the sole



Marion Davies, in the bewitching costume she wears in her new film, "Operator 13," stops between scenes to show you the handsome fitted dressing-case she offers as prize in our Romance Contest. Who could be more Romantic than enchanting Marion? The winner of the Davies contest will receive the identical wardrobe case that Marion herself is posing with here: a Hartmann fitted sky-robe case that carries 4 to 8 dresses, complete with toilet fittings as you see here. Now read all the rules of our Romance Contest carefully. Note the coupon on the opposite page. Get into a Romantic Mood with Marion Davies!

judges. It is suggested that the reader study the sample Pen Portraits given on the opposite page. There is a page of similar style Pen Portraits by Malcolm H. Oettinger in this issue on Page 6. Pen Portraits may be flattering or satirical, gay or grave; they will be judged solely on their individual merits of originality, cleverness, and suitability to the star about whom they are written. Read the rules and note the coupon on the opposite page. Pages 20, 21, 22, and 23 in this issue constitute the Romance Contest. It's fun—go to it!



Clark Gable shows you the movie camera, an Eastman Ciné-Kodak 8, which he offers as a prize, along with the projector which is used to show films taken by this camera, and four rolls of film, to the contestant writing the Gable Pen Portrait adjudged the cleverest in our Romance Contest.

Rules of SCREENLAND'S Romance Contest:

1. Fill out the coupon.
2. Write a Pen Portrait not exceeding 15 words in length about any one or each one of the following stars: Marion Davies, Clark Gable, Helen Hayes, Myrna Loy, Madge Evans, Jean Parker. Each contestant should submit only one Pen Portrait each of each star.
3. This contest is not open to any persons connected with SCREENLAND or their families, or the above-mentioned stars or their families.
4. This contest will close at midnight on May 1, 1934.
5. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
6. Enclose coupon with your Pen Portrait or Pen Portraits and mail to Romance Contest Editors, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.

CLARK GABLE

says:

*"Capture Romance
with a Movie Camera"*

Clark presents a movie camera,
also projector, for a romantic
record of summer scenes!



I am entering the Screenland Romance Contest with Pen Portraits of the following star or stars: (Mark X in space in front of name of star or stars about whom you have written your Pen Portrait or Pen Portraits.)

☐ Marion Davies. ☐ Clark Gable. ☐ Helen Hayes.
☐ Myrna Loy. ☐ Madge Evans. ☐ Jean Parker.

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

SAMPLE PEN PORTRAITS:

Elissa Landi: Lady into butterfly; ice queen tries to rhumba.
Joan Blondell: Shopgirl's holiday; torch song on a pianola.
Fredric March: Captain of the crew in politics; Apollo in a wig.
Elizabeth Young: Morning dew; first love; white birches.

Screenland Romance Contest

HELEN
HAYES

Presents *her especially*
designed NEGLIGÉE!

It's lovely, it's lacy, it's luscious! Helen Hayes herself approves its dainty chiffon, its graceful lines, its flattering little train. "A negligée?" said Helen. "Why, it's practically a tea gown!" And she posed prettily in it for this portrait you see at the right. Designed exclusively for her by Sam Mayo, New York City, this negligée will become the possession of the contestant whose Pen Portrait of Miss Hayes is chosen by the Romance Contest judges as the most original. Try your talents! Write your Pen Portrait of Helen and enter the competition.



MYRNA LOY

offers her favorite perfume!

Myrna believes that perfume is one of the world's most romantic aids to beauty and charm! So she chose, as her prize in SCREENLAND'S Romance Contest, this generous bottle of her favorite scent, "Radia" by Marlane of Paris, with which she is posing at the left. All you have to do to enter the contest is to write a Pen Portrait describing Miss Loy as you are impressed by her, as wittily or prettily or cleverly as you can. Read the rules on Pages 20-21 very carefully.

Tracy's Girl Friend!"



Close-ups of Tracy, who makes his come-back in a Universal Picture. We're glad that Carl Laemmle, Jr., recognizes Lee's value as a great entertainer, and we welcome him back with sincere applause.

everything but Miss Jewell. He said, "Of course I was thrilled by the way she acted in that crisis, her faith when I needed her most. But I wasn't astonished." He added hastily, "Don't misunderstand! I don't want to sound conceited. I mean I knew Isabel would react that way. Lots of girls would have ducked in a spot like that. She's not that kind."

"But Lee," I interposed boldly, "what about marriage?"

"I was crazy about her before I put my foot into it, and I'm still just as goofy whenever I think of her. Which is plenty often! I guess you'd better go to the lady herself for further facts."

M-G-M informed me that Miss Jewell would be glad to see me on any subject *except* Mr. Tracy. She had never talked about him and she had no intention of breaking her iron-clad rule. I saw her on that understanding. Even if she wouldn't interpret her friendship for Lee, I could size her up; discover the woman Lee Tracy adores.

Not one question did I bring up regarding the great romance in her life. She told me how she happened to become an actress and, as occasionally befalls one, we got along marvelously. Evidently she approved of me because I did not take advantage of the situation and plead with her to "tell all."

A few minutes' conversation convinced me she is very remarkable. She has a magnetism which conquers you, an enthusiasm which excites. Sincerity and intelligence, a fatal combination. I came away envying Lee Tracy!

We had lunched in the studio commissary and then I'd gone over to her set and we continued to talk between her scenes. Finally, she turned to me frankly.

"Before you go I want to tell you something. About Lee and myself. I appreciate your honesty in not probing, and because of your unique attitude I want you to know the facts about us. I trust you, and so this once I will be personal for publication."

"Hollywood has called me 'Lee Tracy's girl-friend!' Well, I am *proud* of that description. I love Lee. Who could help loving him? He is the grandest man alive. My 'title' can be taken in two ways, however. If folks mean that I am in love with Lee, I want them to go on

A SCREENLAND SCOOP!

reflected glory I will be terribly hurt! I want to make the grade on the screen as Isabel Jewell. I quit college to go on the stage because I was mad to act. I did my climbing in the theatre without pull. I intend to progress in Hollywood on merit, too.

"I'll lift the curtain for you. When I signed with M-G-M we had a conference. We determined I would make my impression on ability. *That* is why I have refrained from talking about Lee, and he about me. We do not want the fans to think I am merely following in his wake.

"Lee has been of immeasurable help to me here in Hollywood. If it hadn't been for his constant encouragement I wouldn't have stayed, persisted until I was given an opportunity to prove my movie worth.

"There is a very good reason why we haven't married. It is—*my career!* I am ambitious. As soon as I have established myself on my own we will marry!

"Can Lee and I withstand the traditional Hollywood jinxes? Yes; I'll tell you why. To begin with, we've gone 'steady' for two-and-a-half years! If either was going to get tired of the other, if one of us was going to grate on the other's nerves, we would have found out the unsatisfactory characteristics by now. Time has shown us that our love is the real thing.

"You mention the two-careers-in-one-family bugaboo? Fortunately, Lee is as ambitious for me to succeed as I am myself. He is so fair that he realizes a woman today has as much right to a life profession as a man. I wouldn't marry a man who couldn't be broad-minded enough to accept my ambition.

"No doubt husbands and wives in Hollywood have been jealous of each other's fame. That problem should be settled before they consider matrimony. I am lucky that Lee feels as he does. I am not excessively ambitious and I assuredly do not put career above everything. But I'm happy when I'm working and miserable when I'm not."

I wondered about Lee's (Continued on page 78)



Here they are—
Hollywood's hap-
piest newlyweds,
Mr. and Mrs.
Ricky Cortez.

By
Dena
Reed

Ricardo and Christine Cortez Tell Their Love Story!

MIRACLES *do* happen! Two of the most disillusioned people in Hollywood a few months ago are now beaming on each other and declaring this the best of all possible worlds. I refer to those interesting newlyweds, Ricardo and Christine Cortez. Gone is the tragedy of Ric's former marriage to Alma Rubens and past are Christine's three years of unhappiness with her first husband. Ric and Christine have brought to their second marriage a great understanding based on former suffering, and I don't mind going on record as saying that this love—a mingling of wild ardor and sensible thinking—seems to have what it takes to make a marriage last even in that mad but intriguing whirlpool which is Hollywood. I say this because I've spoken to Ric alone and

to Christine alone and to both together and I think I've gotten every angle of the romance that is the fulfillment of their deepest and long-cherished dreams.

"I'd been lonely for a long time," Ric confided. "I used to dread coming in to my empty house. Still more did I dislike Hollywood parties and rarely attended any of them. But the thing that brought my loneliness home to me in full force was when I had pneumonia last year. There I lay in bed, staring at the four walls, with no one to really care whether I lived or died. Of course I had nurses to take care of me but they were paid for their solicitude. I thought how dreadful it was to belong to no one and to have no one belong to me. My doctor, who sensed my mood during those weeks of convalescence, said to me one

(Continued on page 80)

A SCREENLAND SCOOP!



Ralph of the Bellamys! He's the scion of an old English family of actors, writers and musicians—but his first ambition was to be a geologist! P. S.—He became an actor.

The “Picture- a-Month Man”

And never a dull performance! That's the record of Ralph Bellamy, filmland's busiest actor

By
Sydney Valentine

BELLAMY is his right name. Despite its romantic flavor Ralph did not select it himself. He came by it honestly. He was born a Bellamy.

In full, his title is Ralph Rexford Bellamy. Since 'way back in the seventeenth century in England and France, Bellamy has been quite a name. Ralph is a direct descendant of Anne, one of the first actresses permitted by royal favor to “play-act” and use her name. Sabatini wrote of a swashbuckling hero, “Bellamy the Magnificent”—but that was of the seventeenth century. You can't expect a guy to be a swashbuckler in Hollywood today.

Indeed, the Bellamys of today have gone in for literature, music, and acting. “Only yesterday” it was that Edward Bellamy wrote “Looking Backward,” a book which has been translated into nearly every language and ranks as one of the best-sellers of all time. And cousin Eben Rexford goes down to undying fame as the author of “Silver Threads Among The Gold,” favorite ballad of parlor groups and bar-room quartets.

Hollywood's Bellamy is a good actor, who doesn't look or act like one. When not on parade he has a failing for old clothes. Ambling down the boulevard, clad in sack coat and tennis flannels, open-neck shirt and slouch hat, this amiable blond husky looks like a Southern California football player. On parade he is known as one of the best-dressed men in movie town, but how he hates to wear them! His wife has to watch him before he leaves

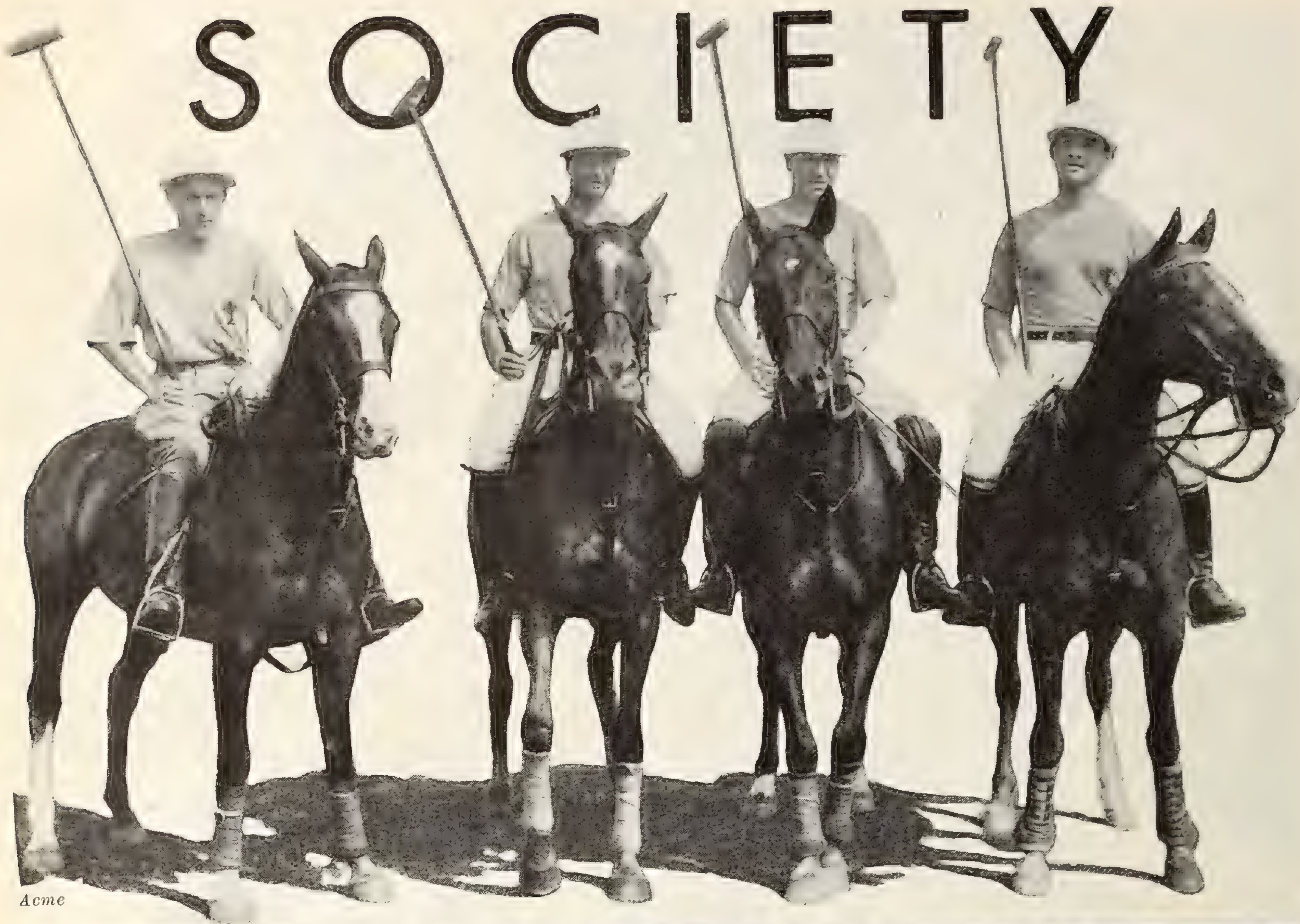
home, to make sure he is properly dressed, because he is sort of absent-minded that way.

Bellamy is a fine specimen of manhood. More than six feet tall, and of large, well-knit frame, this tawny-haired, blue-eyed, square-jawed lad looks like a viking, but instead, he is of English, French, German and Austrian stock.

Complexly, he likes Russian music and Irish literature. In fact, he has a strong leaning toward the arts. He has a genuine love for classical literature and plays, painting and sculpture, opera and symphony concerts. But the only musical instruments he can play are a comb and victrola.

Like every regular guy Ralph likes his sports. But he frankly admits that he is proficient in none. He is a fair horseman, swimmer, and tennis player. He is an enthusiastic devotee of boxing and wrestling, baseball, and football—as a spectator. So far, he hasn't gone in for polo or golf, Hollywood's favorite outdoor sports. Says he hasn't time. After all, this lad was featured in twenty-two pictures in twenty-five months, since coming to Hollywood from the New York stage! Plays heroes and heavies with equal ease and ability, which is one of the reasons he is so popular with producers and public. In the future, however, he plans to play fewer and better rôles.

Oddly enough, the cultured Bellamy has never been to college. He ran away from home after being graduated from high school in Chicago to go on the stage. Early in his 'teens he revealed an abiding love of acting by organizing the North Shore (Continued on page 91)



Acme

Famous Polo Boys ride into pictures! Two of America's richest young men, Cornelius Vanderbilt ("Sonny") Whitney, second from left, and John Hay ("Jock") Whitney, extreme right, are seriously entering the screen field. Read all about it in this exclusive feature.

BRAVO! Cheers and a *couple* of Bravos! Hit! Grand shot! Good boy! Two popular American Polo Boys have recently dashed into the motion picture field, adding the name of one of America's great "social" families, the Whitneys, to those names which in the past few years have become associated in one way or another with the once so-lowly "movie."

Two Vanderbilts last year appeared in Broadway movie lights—W. K. Vanderbilt in films he had made on a cruise around the world in his yacht, and George W. Vanderbilt, in a thrilling undersea subject in which he battled for his life against a sword fish. Another one of America's very richest young boys earned his way to an important producer's job by persuading celebrities to pose for newsreels. And the staid Rockefellers set a new standard of beauty for other motion picture showmen in their Radio City movie theatres. There are others, for motion pictures have in one way and another, evoked in the rich an almost unbelievable adoration.

Talk about movies for "the masses"! I have never seen such fans as those on Park Avenue! If you want to see real rapture, look

in on the audience in one of those small, smart movie theatres attended by fashionables.

But this interest on the part of "Society" in the movies is more and more taking on a professional status, which may have a deep effect on the motion picture of the future. So that is one of the reasons I am going to tell you something about the two polo-playing newcomers to moviedom, the attractive Whitney cousins.

No two young men in New York's "400" have been more written about than John Hay Whitney and Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, popularly known as "Jock" and "Sonny." Their arrival would be the cause for excitement in the most blasé and social-hardened circles, so it is natural that the movie contingents of Hollywood and Broadway have been set all a-quiver.

Young, lively, not so long out of Yale, they have both come into several fortunes, including those of their late distinguished fathers, world figures in sport and finance, Payne Whitney and Harry Payne Whitney. (The latter, I am told, ground his own picture camera on more than one fierce melodrama of "pirates" and other "villains"



Merian C. Cooper, Social Registerite, is a leading producer of good pictures. Yes, Dorothy Jordan's husband in private life!

Invades the Films!

Social Registerites take screen seriously and produce good pictures! Here is the first authentic story of the new and amazing invasion of the film field by our American aristocrats—most hopeful development of the movie industry in years!

By Betty Shannon

A SCREENLAND SCOOP!

while on yachting cruises at which he was host.)

Taken in toto, the inheritance of the two young Whitneys have sometimes been estimated by newspapers as several hundred millions. And though they have come by some of the finest horses on the American turf, great racing stables, estates and treasures, their colossal wealth does not seem to have spoiled them.

"Jock" Whitney (John Hay) in 1929 warmed the good old American heart by going to work as a buzzer boy at \$65 a month to learn the business in a Wall Street firm. Prominent among his duties were the delivering of packages and escorting of customers into private offices, some of whom he was later to face across the mahogany table at directors' meetings.



Gifford Cochran, above, whose mother is now the Princess Hohenlohe-Schillingsfurst, is the partner of John Krimsky in movie enterprises.

John Krimsky, below, co-producer of "Emperor Jones." Mr. Krimsky also helped present "Maedchen in Uniform" to American audiences.



Shirley Burden, one of the most resourceful and imaginative of the young American aristocrats to invade the film industry. Mr. Burden "learned pictures" from the ground up, beginning with Pathé News. Now he is a full-fledged producer.

But these are not the only reasons, fascinating as they are, why every shrewd, eagle eye in the film industry is glued upon the ball which the charming twain from the swank Meadowbrook and Racquet Clubs are whacking appraisingly around the motion picture field.

The ball, of course, as has been widely proclaimed, is color photography, which has loomed up large again on the cinema horizon since "The Three Little Pigs" and other Walt Disney Silly Symphonies have appeared in Technicolor's new, three-color process. This improvement over the old, two-color process which "fringed" willfully and separated into greens and reds at the most inauspicious moments, has made it possible to acquire subtle tones and shadings on the screen.

Now, Color, along with the stereoscopic screen, is prophesied by many as the great next step in advancement in picture production to supercede the more prosaic black and white, just as the talkies wiped out the silents.

So, harmless though the ball with which the Whitneys are toying, it may prove dynamite which will turn the Whitneys' little polo game into a cinema revolution, ultimately drenching the motion picture screens of the world in bright rainbow floods of color.

The fact that good, hard "Whitney money" is going in to the color films is evidence enough to the weather-eye of Hollywood that the revolution has already begun.

The Whitney cousins gave out last May their intention to produce four screen dramas in Technicolor, beginning with Ann Harding in "Green Mansions," to be released through R.K.O. This picture (Continued on page 85)

Screen Star "Roughs It"!

And likes it! Let her tell you all about
it in her own words



By Joan Blondell

who wrote this story herself because she wanted to tell other girls how to "rough it" and still look "smooth"!

go fishing all you like, and keep your good looks, too!

I love to camp out. I like to fish and I'm not afraid to bait my own hook. But for a long time after I started working in pictures I was afraid to get far enough away from a beauty parlor to have any real fun.

The first time I suggested to the studio casting director that I thought I would like to spend a two-week vacation I was to have, fishing in Northern California, he indicated that he thought I would be taking unnecessary chances with my screen career to do so. He intimated, although he didn't say as much out loud, that I didn't have any surplus good looks to risk in such a way!

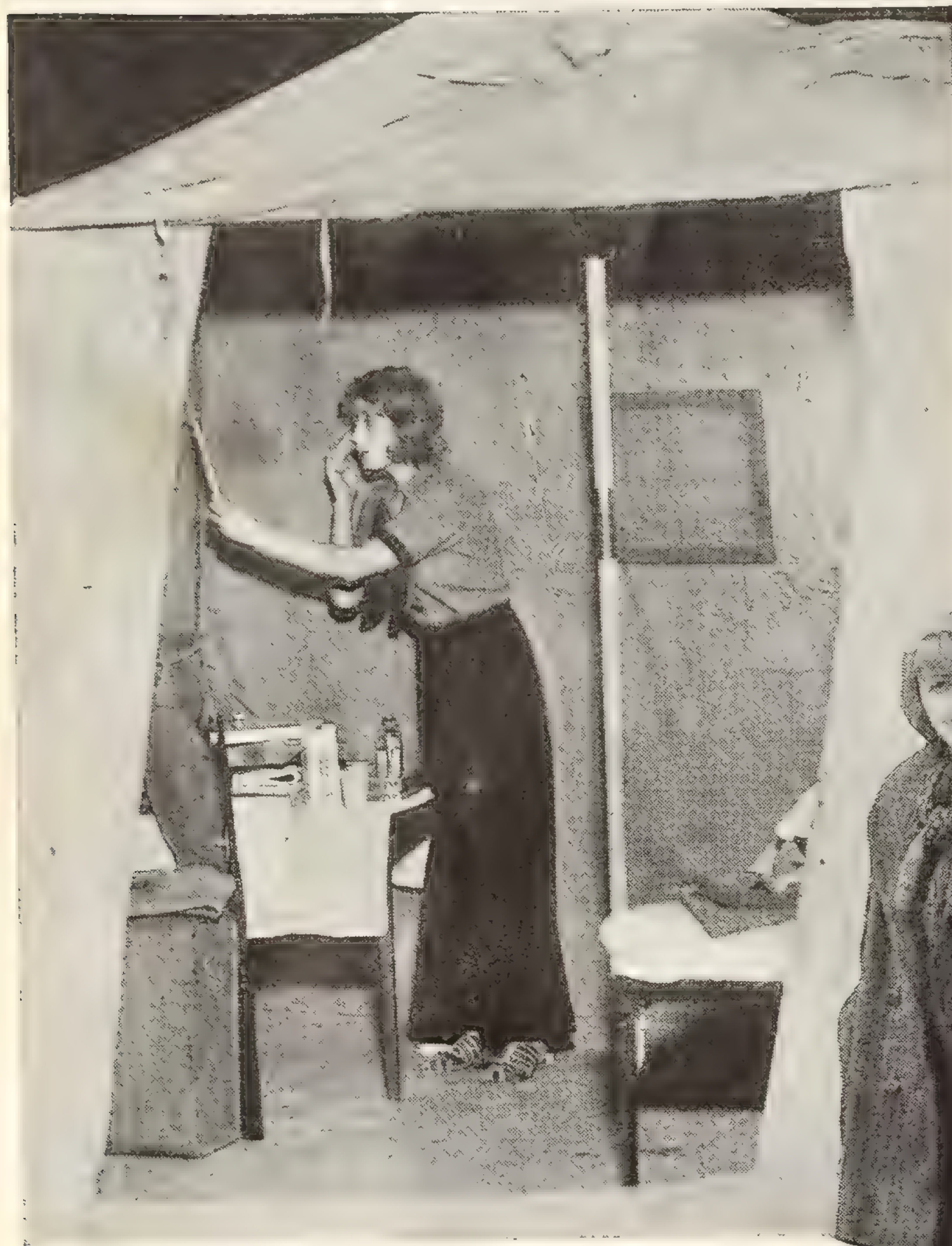
But I went anyway. I went up there with a party of friends and stayed the whole two weeks and had a glorious time. I caught a twenty-seven pound salmon and I told the casting director about that when I got back to Hollywood.

All he said was "Umph." Then he growled: "Look at your hands!"

I looked. They were scratched a little, and the nails were broken, some.

"Look at your neck," he snapped. I couldn't do that right then, not having any two-way mirror, but I knew pretty well what he meant. It was blistered and sunburned—and my nose was peeling a little, too. He didn't need to call attention to that. I could look right down it and see all the damage that had been done.

Well, the damage was repaired after a while and the next time I went fishing, I didn't even *tell* the studio about it. When I got back there were no (Continued on page 77)



Tenting tonight! Joan brings beauty to the desert. Right, roughing it! Below, a sumptuous camp supper with husband George Barnes.

LET'S go fishing! Let's take a tent and a couple of cots and a frying pan and a water bucket and have some real fun.

I like to do it and I think that nearly every other woman in the world would like to do it if it weren't for one reason.

The reason is that she's afraid she'll spoil her looks. She's afraid that the sun and the wind and the lack of beauty parlors and hairdressers and manicurists will rob her of what beauty she has.

There is some justification for that fear, too. It's perfectly possible for a well-groomed woman to come back from a week's camping trip pretty much of a mess in appearance. And if she does it may take a month—or even three months—to get her back into that "well groomed" condition.

It's possible, I admit, but it's not necessary. You can



"Baby-Face" Grows Up

New low-down on Lew Ayres!
Is he locking out love?

By Ben Maddox

HOLLYWOOD'S most *suppressed* lover is Lew Ayres!

He can't let himself go. Right now, to "tell all," he is crazy about Ginger Rogers. And she reciprocates in high. But will he speak up? Alas, no!

The inhibited Lew is convinced he has nothing to say. Blandly he fixes you with that irresistible, injured expression and practically sells you on his own firm belief. Which is—and *don't* believe it!—that he is absolutely dumb as regards this matter of love.

You are very nearly won over to this viewpoint. For hours he intrigues you with data on the new rhapsody he has finished after months of daily jousts with his piano. His astronomy, his tennis, his rôles—all most interesting and decidedly impersonal topics.

And then, you remember! Anyone with Lew's looks, *his* appeal—able to live in Hollywood and completely lock love out? Quick, Watson, my common sense!

The courts have recently pronounced him a free man again, and the final decree severing his union with Lola Lane puts him among the distinctly eligible. You can imagine the quandary he is in. Disappointed by an unhappy marriage, he hesitates to be impetuous with Ginger.

They get along together and there are none of the tempestuous quarrels such as he had with Lola. It is wonderful to have found a girl who understands precisely. *But—!*

"I'm not concerned with love!" he exclaims. "Marriage? It's as remote for me as it would be for Mrs. Coolidge! Oh, someday, yes, I hope to have a family, children. (Continued on page 89)

Ginger Rogers, the beautiful Girl Friend. Can we believe Lew when he says: "I don't think about love"? Frankly, we can't



That Ayres boy has climbed a long way since he scored his screen hit in "All Quiet." And still climbing!



The background of the entire page is a collage of black and white photographs of performers from the show 'Stand Up'. At the top, a group of five women are shown in a row. Below them, the title 'STAND UP' is written in large, bold, stylized letters. The collage includes several large portraits of men and women, as well as smaller images of groups of performers. In the bottom left corner, there is a sign held by two women, listing the show's segments. The Fox logo is visible in the bottom right corner.

The show of

"STAND UP

An illustration of two women in 1930s-style clothing holding a large sign. The sign lists the segments of the show 'Stand Up'.

**5 BREATHLESS
SPECTACLES!**

Introduction
of Loveliness!

Revival of Laughter!

Garden of Beauty!

The Magic
Transformation!

March of Prosperity!

FOX

1001 surprises!

Produced with a magnificence, magnitude and imagination unapproached in show history. Dazzling beauties...blazing splendor...amazing novelty...myriad surprises...laughs, songs, drama, thrills, romance, ... everything!

AND

CHEER!"

WARNER BAXTER

MADGE EVANS • SYLVIA FROOS

JOHN BOLES • JAMES DUNN

"AUNT JEMIMA" • SHIRLEY TEMPLE

ARTHUR BYRON • RALPH MORGAN

NICK FORAN • NIGEL BRUCE

MITCHELL & DURANT • STEPIN FETCHIT

**1,000 DAZZLING GIRLS! • 5 BANDS OF MUSIC!
VOCAL CHORUS OF 500! • 4,891 COSTUMES!
1,200 WILD ANIMALS! • 1,000 PLAYERS!
335 SCENES! • 2,730 TECHNICAL WORKERS!**

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN

*Associate Producer and Collaborator
on story and dialogue: LEW BROWN*

*Director: HAMILTON McFADDEN. Lyrics: LEW BROWN. Music: LEW BROWN
and JAY GORNEY. Dances staged by SAMMY LEE. Dialogue: RALPH SPENCE.
Story Idea Suggested by WILL ROGERS and PHILIP KLEIN.*

6 SONG HITS!

"We're Out of the Red"

*"Our Last Night
Together"*

"Baby, Take a Bow"

"I'm Laughin' "

*"Broadway's Gone
Hill Billy"*

"Stand Up and Cheer"



Portrait of the artist—today. Bing has covered some ground since the early struggles which he describes in this chapter.

My Life Story

By *Bing Crosby*

As told to S. R. Mook

Seeking and finding the path to fame! Romance! Humor! Here's the second chapter of the crooning star's intimate autobiography—exclusive!



Here's how Crosby looked in his salad days, when he first heard the call to croon—and heeded it! How he's changed!

AS I GREW older life began to have more meaning than lessons and vacations. It presented problems, too—not only for my parents but for me.

I suppose in a large family, the heads of it are constantly expecting their offspring to get into mischief and trouble. I know I got into my full share of it. My mother used to be continually shaking her head over me, wondering why I couldn't be like Ted and Larry who never caused her a moment's anxiety, and predicting that I would come to no good end.

From the wisdom of my fifteen or sixteen years I used to smile with superiority and condescension and say, "Just wait until they're a little older. *They'll* be sowing wild oats, too." But they never did. Or, if they did, they were darned clever—those Crosbys!—for no one ever found out about it.

About my fifteenth or sixteenth year the topic of girls and clothes came up. I never cared an awful lot about girls—before I married, I hasten to add—but when dances were given, well, you just couldn't go to a dance without taking a girl. Fortunately for me, Everett went to war about that time and left a fairly complete wardrobe at home. I figured his duds would be out of style before the ruckus ended so I made free use of the stuff he left.

You've seen underworld pictures where certain characters were pretty smart and would never have their pictures taken. Wise guys! Once my vanity got the better of me, and I let somebody take a snapshot of me. Mother sent it to France to Everett so he could see how I'd grown. Back came his answer, "Tell that guy to leave my ties alone!" He recognized it in that little two by four snapshot!

It's a funny thing about girls. Until the time I went with Paul Whiteman I'd never gone with one often enough even to be kidded about her. I wasn't afraid of

them—I had two sisters and they always had girl friends around the house. I liked them—liked to dance with them and all that sort of thing—but I just didn't care about their society. Dixie is always kicking and saying I would rather be with a bunch of fellows than with her. That isn't entirely true. I married the girl, didn't I?

But, somehow, it is a fact that until I met her I much preferred the society of men. Even now I get more kick out of sitting around the locker room of the club, swapping bull with a gang of fellows than I do out of all the pink teas or cocktail parties Elsa Maxwell could arrange—and that's plenty. I get more honest enjoyment out of a round of golf than from all the Mayfair balls on the social calendar.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. When I left off last month I was talking about MONEY. Well, lazy as I am and much as I loathe work, I loathe being broke more. A few bucks in the kicks has always been all-important to me. I can remember when I was in high school I used to work as janitor of the Everyman's Club in Spokane in an effort to turn a few honest pennies. And what I mean, that was work.

I used to get up around four in the morning and catch the paper car to town. I mean, the car that brought the papers out and dumped them on the corners for the newsboys to deliver. If I missed that car I had to jog the two or three miles from home to the club. And when I got there around five, I had to
(Continued on page 75)

A SCREEN AND SCOOP!



The Crosbys in repose. Dixie Lee, Bing's lovely blonde wife and mother of little Gary, is a screen decoration herself—when she can get around to it!

Film Follies



Big Love Scenes!



Clark Gable thinks he is making love to Myrna Loy for a scene in "Men in White." But Clark is really making love to every single woman in the movie audience—voted single!

Get Into the Spirit of Our "Film Follies"

SCREENLAND presents, on the preceding page, its own exclusive impression of Hollywood Romance, the 1934 Spring-Summer edition! Surrounding Carole Lombard and Bing Crosby in the center in "We're Not Dressing," you'll see, reading from lower left, around the page, Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods in "Fog over Frisco," George

Raft and Frances Drake in "The Trumpet Blows," Larry Crabbe and Joan Marsh in "You're Telling Me," Ann Sothorn and Lanny Ross in "Melody in Spring," Rochelle Hudson and Hal LeRoy in "Harold Teen," Hugh Williams and Helen Twelvetrees in "All Men Are Enemies," and those lovely, lissome ladies in "The Fox Follies."



Cupid is casting reflections! John Boles makes his own special sort of polished love to Gertrude Michael in this charming scene from Fox's "I Believed in You," formerly titled "Disillusion." No wonder they changed that title!

These Big Love Scenes look real! Why not? Hollywood Love makes the world go round to the movies!

Here's a grand love team! Madge Evans and Warner Baxter take that certain romantic interest in each other for the more intimate scenes in "The Fox Follies." Two of our favorites meeting for the first time—don't miss this promising movie union!





Hurrell

Modern Diana!

MISS WYNYARD, the statuesque beauty from Britain, will be seen with John and Lionel Barrymore in a picturization of the Robert Hichens novel, "The Paradine Case." Cheers from audiences who enjoyed Diana's portrayal in "Reunion in Vienna."



Bachrach

ALWAYS serene, ever equal to any emergency of a picture plot, Irene Dunne just keeps right on giving good performances. From "Ann Vickers" she turns her talents to "Transient Love," which she dignifies by her calm beauty, her perfect poise.

Hollywood Lady!

Ladies on Approval!

If you like them, they're
here to stay! They de-
pend upon your applause

*Frances Drake was imported by
Paramount from England.
Thumbs up? We thought so!*

*If you liked Verree Teasdale
in "Fashion Follies of
1934" then you're watch-
ing for her in "A Modern
Hero," and Verree is in pic-
tures permanently. No
more Broadway!*



*Madeline Car-
roll's first
American film
is "The World
Moves On." If
you applaud,
she remains in
Hollywood.*





Evelyn Venable's college-professor father doesn't like her movie love scenes! But if you do, then Evelyn's film future is secure. Yes or no?

You saw Elizabeth Young with Garbo in "Queen Christina." Like her? All right, Elizabeth—tell Paramount to take up your option—pronto!

Dorothy Wilson is the "Li'l Gal River" of Hollywood. First, "Eight Girls in a Boat." Now, "Canal Boy." How about her, Public?



"You're Telling Me" I depend upon you, says Joan Marsh! Joan has been in pictures for ever so long, though she's only eighteen. Now screen audiences will have to make up their minds how they want Joan, star or sweet young thing. And is Joan hoping!



Claire Trevor personifies the self-reliant modern girl, according to Winnie Sheehan, her boss at Fox. Do you agree? Suppose you see her in her next picture, "Gold Rush of 1934," and decide for yourself if Claire is star material. She looks it here!

Men of the Movie Moment!



Leslie Howard

Returned from England, he has plunged into his new motion picture, "Of Human Bondage," the long-awaited screening of W. Somerset Maugham's story.

John Boles

That smiling, debonair likeness of John that you see in the center of this page gives you just an idea of how he looks in his latest opus. Ah, these uniforms!

Joel McCrea

Wouldn't you like to see Joel co-starring with Frances Dee, his pretty wife, in "And Let Who Will Be Clever"? Radio Pictures will try to coax 'em!



Some are handsome,
others are ingratiating
—but all of them are
Good Actors! Here
are close-ups of the
cinema cavaliers you'll
be seeing in the new
pictures



Ronald Colman

A thousand welcomes to the charming Englishman who has been away from films a year too long! Watch for his "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back."

James Dunn

He plays importantly in "The Fox Follies," furthering his gay career as a romantic leading man who is also an excellent comedian. Rare combination, folks!

John Davis Lodge

When you go to see Marlene in "The Scarlet Empress," as of course you will, watch her handsome new hero, pictured here at the left. He's promising!

New
Blonde!

Fox



And doesn't she look like Jean Harlow? Wait until you see Alice Faye in her screen debut, George White's movie "Scandals," and salute a potential new starlet! Alice shares some of Rudy Vallee's scenes and steals some glory for herself! See her, above, as she is. Left, as a screen bride. Right, with Rudy, who first presented her to radio audiences and now presents her to the picture public.



Radiant
Ruby!



Fryer



Yes, yes, boys and girls, you'll be seeing her again soon in "Dames," in which she will co-star with Dick Powell. Since "Footlight Parade" Ruby Keeler has been playing her favorite personal part, that of Mrs. Al Jolson. Right, vacationing at Palm Springs. Left, with Al on the set of the great "Goin' to Heaven" number in which Ole Massa Jolson makes his big movie come-back in wonderful "Wonder Bar."



Fashions From Filmland!



Kay Francis, above, wears a frock of lemon-yellow organdy, cleverly brightened with brown eyelet embroidery. The buttons and belt are of brown ciré satin.

Glamorous black chiffon for Spring evenings! Bette Davis, left, models hers for you, with its ruffled sleeves and skirt, and its splashy bright orange bow of velvet.

A sheer white blouse with a wide satin stripe and full gathered sleeves gives a gay note to Ginger Rogers' maroon-colored five o'clock dress.



CAROLE LOMBARD
and GEORGE RAFT

in Paramount's

"BOLERO"

MAX FACTOR'S MAKE-UP
Used Exclusively

AWAKEN *Romance* IN YOUR LIFE
with the
Charm of Beauty

★ Like Hollywood's Screen Stars, Discover How
Color Harmony Make-Up Gives Beauty Romantic Appeal

Powder... To create a satin-smooth make-up that harmonizes with Carole Lombard's blonde colorings, Max Factor's *Rachelle Face Powder* is the color harmony shade. Soft in texture, even in color, clinging... it imparts to the skin a radiant beauty.



Rouge... Now a touch of Max Factor's *Blondeen Rouge* to give the attraction of delicate color to the cheeks. Harmonizing in color, creamy-smooth in texture, it blends perfectly... and actually looks like a glow of natural color.



Lipstick... To give emphasis to the natural color appeal of the lips, Max Factor's *Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick* completes the color harmony ensemble. And it's moisture-proof lip make-up... the color remains permanent and uniform for hours.



BEAUTY'S secret of attraction is color... for it is color that has an exciting emotional appeal.

This appeal of color has been captured in a new kind of make-up... color harmony make-up... created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Face powder, rouge and lipstick are harmonized in color to emphasize the alluring color attraction of each type of blonde,

brunette, brownette and redhead.

You, too, can enhance the attraction of your beauty with color harmony make-up... for now you may share the luxury of the personal make-up for Carole Lombard and the host of other Hollywood's stars. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by all the leading stores.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

★ SOCIETY MAKE-UP
Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick
IN COLOR HARMONY



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Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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Fox Films



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Will Rogers and Evelyn Venable in "David Harum"

No More Pants!

By
Leonard Hall



Dietrich is herself again! Sam Jaffe, who left Broadway to play *Peter* opposite Marlene's *Catherine the Great*, brings cheering news from the Glamor Gal

A MESS of glamor has gone over the Hollywood dam since first Marlene "Legs" Dietrich unveiled those magnificent stems in "The Blue Eagle," and warbled "Fall-eeng in LUFF Again!" into our bewitched ears.

Hepburn has arrived among the immortals, every freckle aglow with fame. Lesser goddesses pose on their petty pedestals. Newer forms and faces spatter their lure across the nation's screens. Marlene herself seemed, for a time, to go down under a landslide of fresh film figures all broken out with public praise.

But courage, my fellow Marleneomaniacs! Nothing is lost—not even honor. For cheery tidings have arrived from the Dietrich dugout in Hollywood, borne in the noodle of Sam Jaffe, brilliant stage character actor who has just finished playing the mad *Czar Peter* opposite the *Catherine the Great* of Marlene herself. This, in the Paramount production called "The Scarlet Empress," directed by the immortal Joe Von Sternberg.

A word about Sam, before I blazon the good news of our luscious Teuton.

This Jaffe created the rôle of the dying *Kringelein* in the original "Grand Hotel" on the New York stage. He played it for two terrific seasons, and when Lionel Barry-



Sam tells all! Don't miss the fascinating anecdotes about Dietrich and Von Sternberg, told by Actor Jaffe, shown left and below, with Marlene in a scene from her new film, "The Scarlet Empress."



more was delegated to play the part in the picture, the great, pulsing heart of Broadway busted all to small smithereens, for Sam had been superb.

Jaffe is one of the best-loved actors in the theatre—a slender, kind-faced soul in his thirties, with a mop of brown hair that stands up all over his noggin like Harpo Marx's fright wig. The variety of his talents is appalling. If he weren't a fine actor, he would be an equally fine composer and pianist. If he forswore the arts entirely, he would still be a famous professor of mathematics, for he made figures roll over and play dead when in college. And yet his (Continued on page 82)

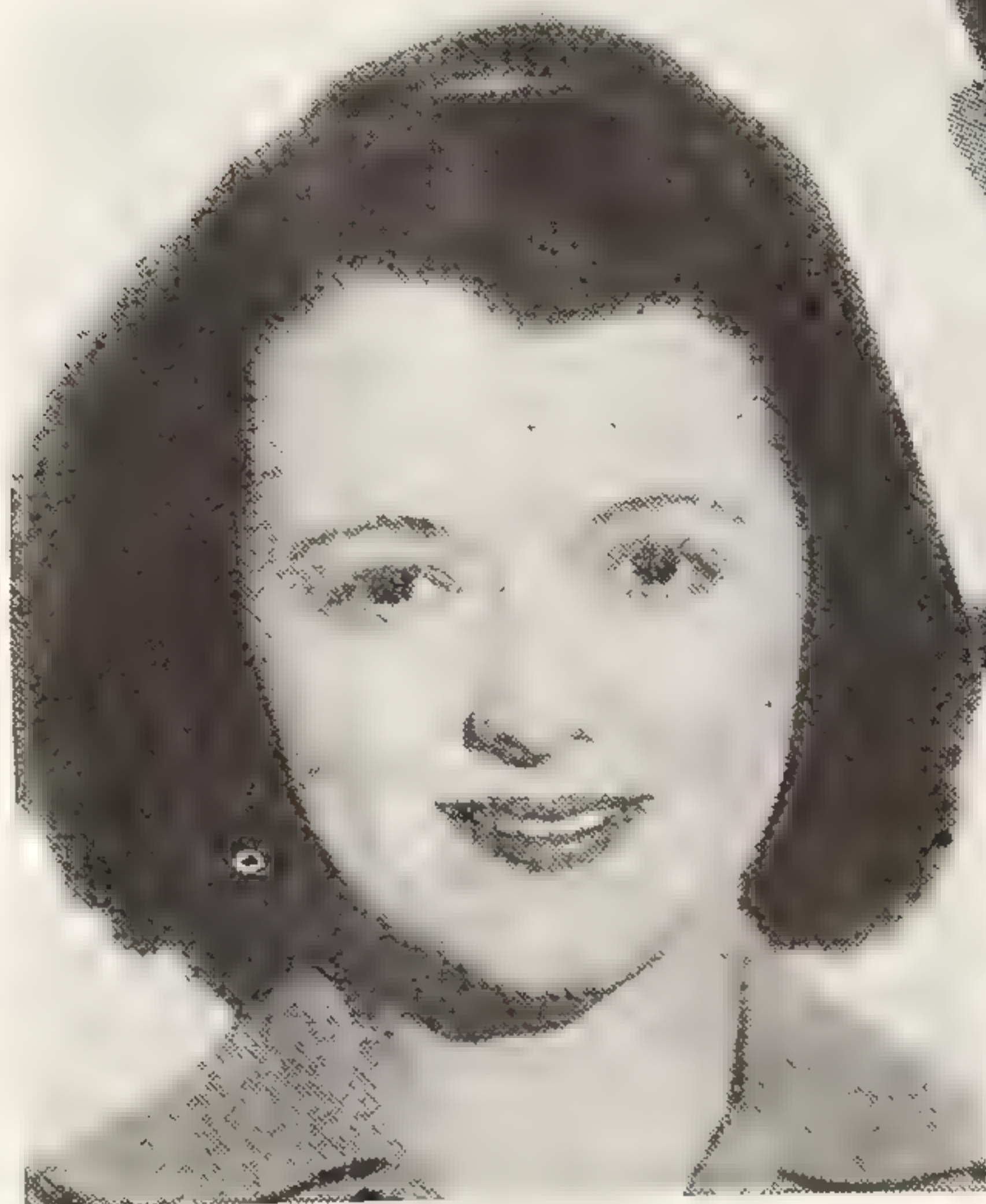
WHY STARS



Allnari

The classical ideal of Beauty, above.

An idol of today, Janet Gaynor.



Gable, Greek god of 1934. (Center).



Crawford, our Venus of today.



By James M. Fidler

WHY do you go to theatres to see Clark Gable? Why do you go to see Janet Gaynor, Jean Harlow, Ronald Colman, Will Rogers and Greta Garbo?

Have you ever paused to diagnose the stars' appeal? Have you made any effort to ascertain why you spend your money to see one, but will not give a lead nickel to see another?

Isn't it because you know, when you step up to the ticket window, precisely what your favorite will do on the screen? You expect a new story, to be sure, but don't

Is It Because:

The Women are as Lovely as Venus?

The Men are as Handsome as Apollo?

you feel assured the star will present a characterization familiar to you?

Isn't it a fact, now that you pause to consider the matter seriously, that you expect Gable to exert a definite sadistic influence? Don't you look forward to the moment in every Gaynor picture when she will make a tremendous sacrifice for love? Are you not positive before you enter a theatre to see Jean Harlow that the platinum star will stimulate your imagination with certain scenes of convincing passion?

In other words, isn't it a fact that each of your favorite stars has filled a definite niche in your schedule of entertainment, and as long as he fills it, he remains a favorite, but the moment he strays from it he becomes a disappointment?

Few of the great mass of people fondly termed "The

ARE STARS!

Or Is It Because:

They are Just Human Beings—

Even as You and I—
Only Glorified?



Allnari

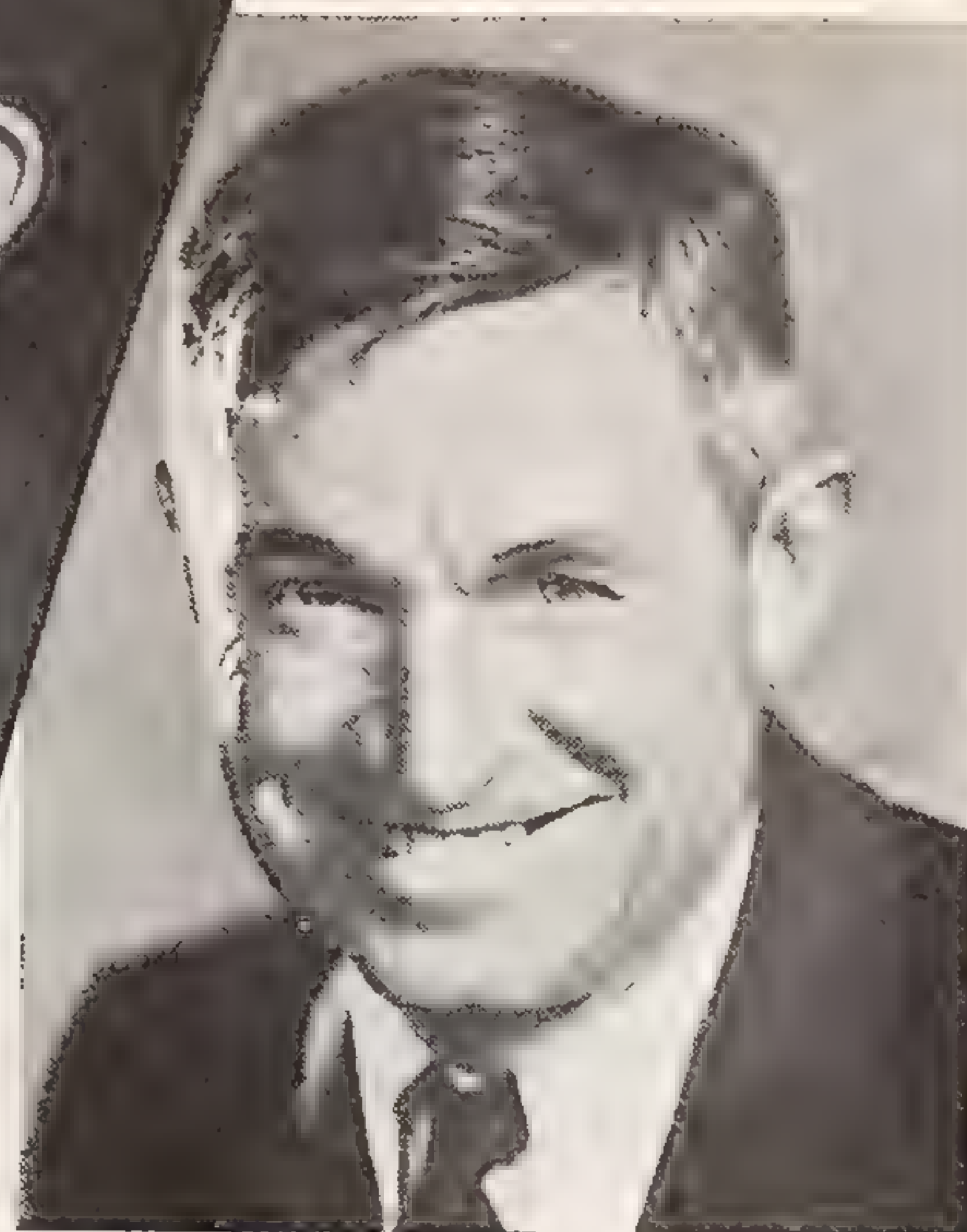
*Ah, Apollo! Who's your
reincarnation?*



*Modern goddess: the
gorgeous Jean Har-
low. (At the left.)*



*Will Rogers—
no Belvedere,
but what box-
office!*



*Ronald Col-
man, 20th
Century's own
Apollo. (Cen-
ter.)*

Public" stop to consider why they select and adore certain entertainers, yet it is an established fact that in every form of amusement, the outstanding stars fill distinct places. In baseball, "Babe" Ruth is a noted home-run hitter. He is idolized because he is able to knock baseballs far and wide, and thousands pay to see Ruth hit home-runs. But if Ruth were to quit hitting home-runs and hit singles instead, he would be banished and the public would elect a new idol.

So it is with you and your picture idols. When Janet Gaynor sacrificed for love in "Seventh Heaven," you gathered her into your heart and loved her, and you yearned to see her do the same thing again. When you read Janet was to star in a picture titled "Two Girls Wanted," you remembered her in "Seventh Heaven" and looked forward to her new performance. When she

did not sacrifice in her second feature film, "Two Girls Wanted," you were disappointed. Is that not true, now that you think of it? *It must be true, because "Two Girls Wanted" failed miserably at the box-offices.* The public wrote hundreds of letters to Janet and begged her to do no more such stories. What happened? Miss Gaynor perceived that fans wanted her in a sacrificial rôle, so she proceeded to give them "Daddy Long Legs," "Merely Mary Ann," "Delicious," and many more Cinderella-like stories in which she played sweet, whimsical girls. These pictures have been tremendous box-office successes and Janet is regarded again as one of the most popular stars on the screen. Now admit the truth: Weren't you happy to see Janet return to the girl you loved in her new pictures? And simply because that is the niche she fills in your entertainment world. (Continued on page 74)



Russell Patterson, whose creative work in art and fashion is justly celebrated, recently turned his attention to the designing of film sets. In this fourth of SCREENLAND'S series of exclusive interviews on interior decoration he voices some unique and daring ideas on the subject.

HOME *of the*

WHEN the pet dream of Russell Patterson, the well-known artist, comes true, Cupid will be the first to congratulate him!

Why? Because Mr. Patterson believes that honeymoon homes need no longer be furnished with a hodge-podge of things "spared" from parental abodes on both sides of the family; and that the old saying, "Two can live as cheaply as one" may one day become a reality.

Mr. Patterson, who has lately been designing sets in Hollywood for Fox Studios, is so enthusiastic about his ideas that he is returning to New York with his associate, Walter Jageman, to make and exhibit a model.

"People should not buy furniture!" declared the artist, earnestly. "There is no worse investment that can be made, for it depreciates enormously upon delivery. If

you should buy \$3,000 worth of furniture today, in three months you would find it difficult to get \$1,000 for it. Is that reasonable?

"A friend of mine bought \$37,000 worth of beautiful stuff to furnish a New York apartment. Shortly afterward, his wife left him. He didn't care to occupy the place without her, so he tried to sell what he had bought and after many disappointments managed to get rid of it for \$11,000. This sum covered also some valuable paintings he owned, one of which was easily worth \$4,000, not included in the original \$37,000.

"When two young people in moderate circumstances fall in love and decide to marry, the first big stumbling block in the way of bliss is the fact that they must buy tables and chairs and something to sleep in. They have enough money to pay rent for a modest apartment or a small house, but they are sunk when it comes to investing a lump sum in furniture which won't be worth half what they pay for it as soon as it's delivered.

"If they could move into a place ideally furnished, instead of having either to go into debt for household goods or live in a home full of poor, cheap stuff and odds and ends of other people's cast off things, they'd have a fair chance. Love has enough to contend with during the first period of mutual adjustment without being complicated with debt or ugly surroundings.

"My plan ought to keep some of our honeymooners out of the divorce court."

This latest Aid to Romance actually looks as romantic as an artist should look. He has crisp, brown hair, becomingly gray at the temples, blue eyes with laughter-wrinkles at the corners, and a smile that would make a fortune on the screen.

"The kitchen and bathroom of the average modern



Russell Patterson designed for Fox Films the spectacular sets for "The Fox Film Follies."

Above, what the well-equipped home of the future will contain. This amusing bar was designed for "My Weakness."

The amazing Russell Patterson visualizes such rooms as this, with the furnishings conceived to harmonize with the surroundings.



FUTURE!

By Ruth Tildesley

Here's a daring new "slant" on interior design, voiced by a famous artist. Controversial? Of course! Thanks, Russell Patterson!

house are ready for the tenant to step into them when the builder steps out," argued Mr. Patterson. "We don't have to go shopping for a new bathtub because the old one doesn't fit into the new bathroom. We don't bring our refrigerator into the new house any more because the frigidaire is already installed. Even the breakfast-room table and chairs are there when we inspect the house. So why shouldn't all the rooms be equipped with ideal furniture specially designed?

"There's no reason why the architect's job should be finished when he has seen the walls of a house completed. It should be finished inside and out!

"The bedrooms should have beds in them, chests of drawers, dressers, dressing-tables, night-tables with lamps, window-seats if desired. All that should be furnished by the new tenant is new springs, mattresses, and coverings for the beds, draperies, curtains, and toilet-table accessories.

"In the average bedroom, as you know, there are no more than two places for the beds, and these are seldom satisfactory to the occupants of the beds. I know that in every place Mr. Jageman and I have found so far, the bedrooms have cross-currents so that if one bed isn't in a draught, the other is. If the furniture was designed especially for the room, the beds would be placed where the air supply could be regulated.

"The night-tables set beside the beds could be installed so that the lamps on them would shed the proper amount of light and you could really see to read in bed. The

lights that serve the dressing-table could be arranged so that the person looking into the mirror could see himself. The space in drawers and closets could suitably accommodate the owner's wardrobe.

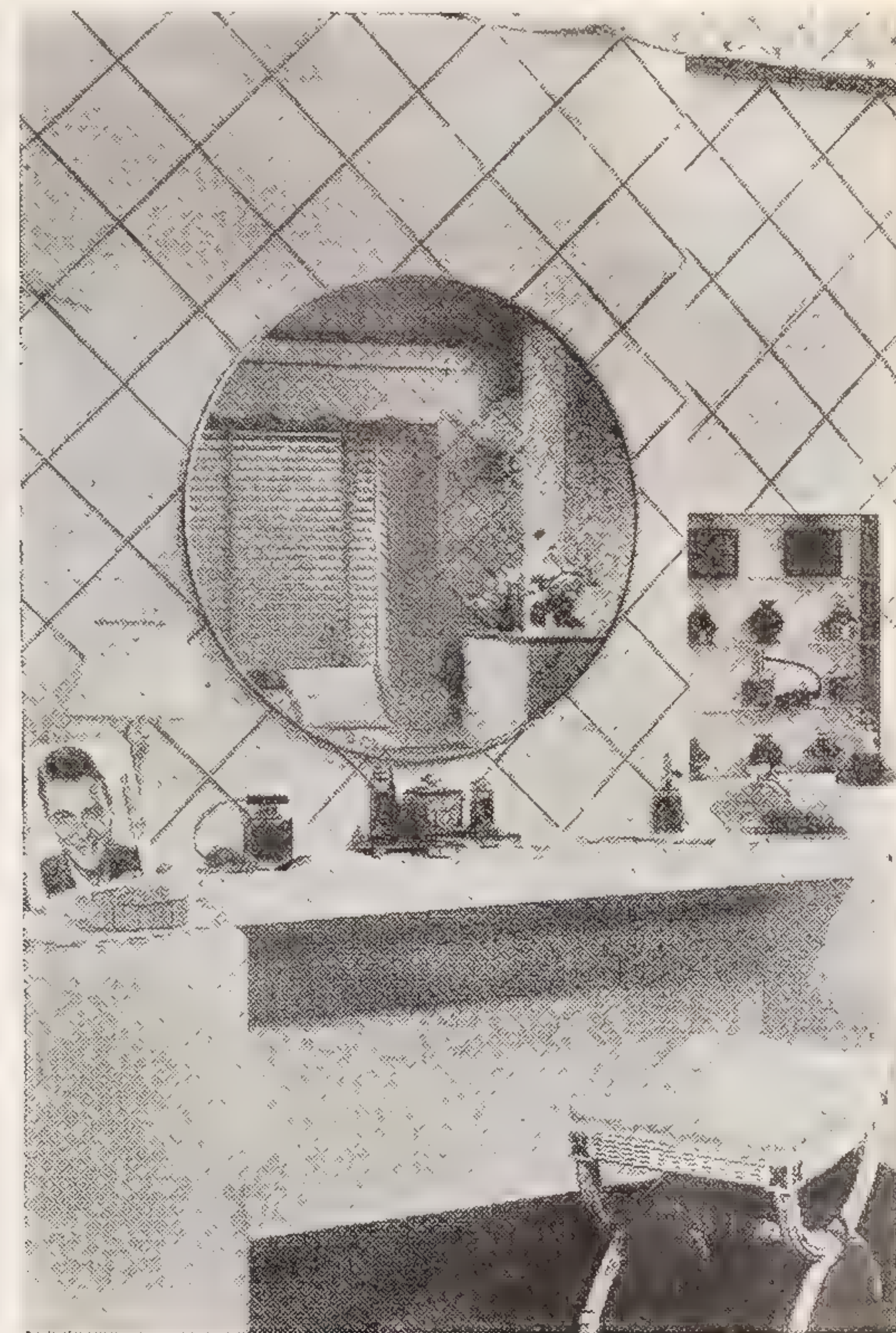
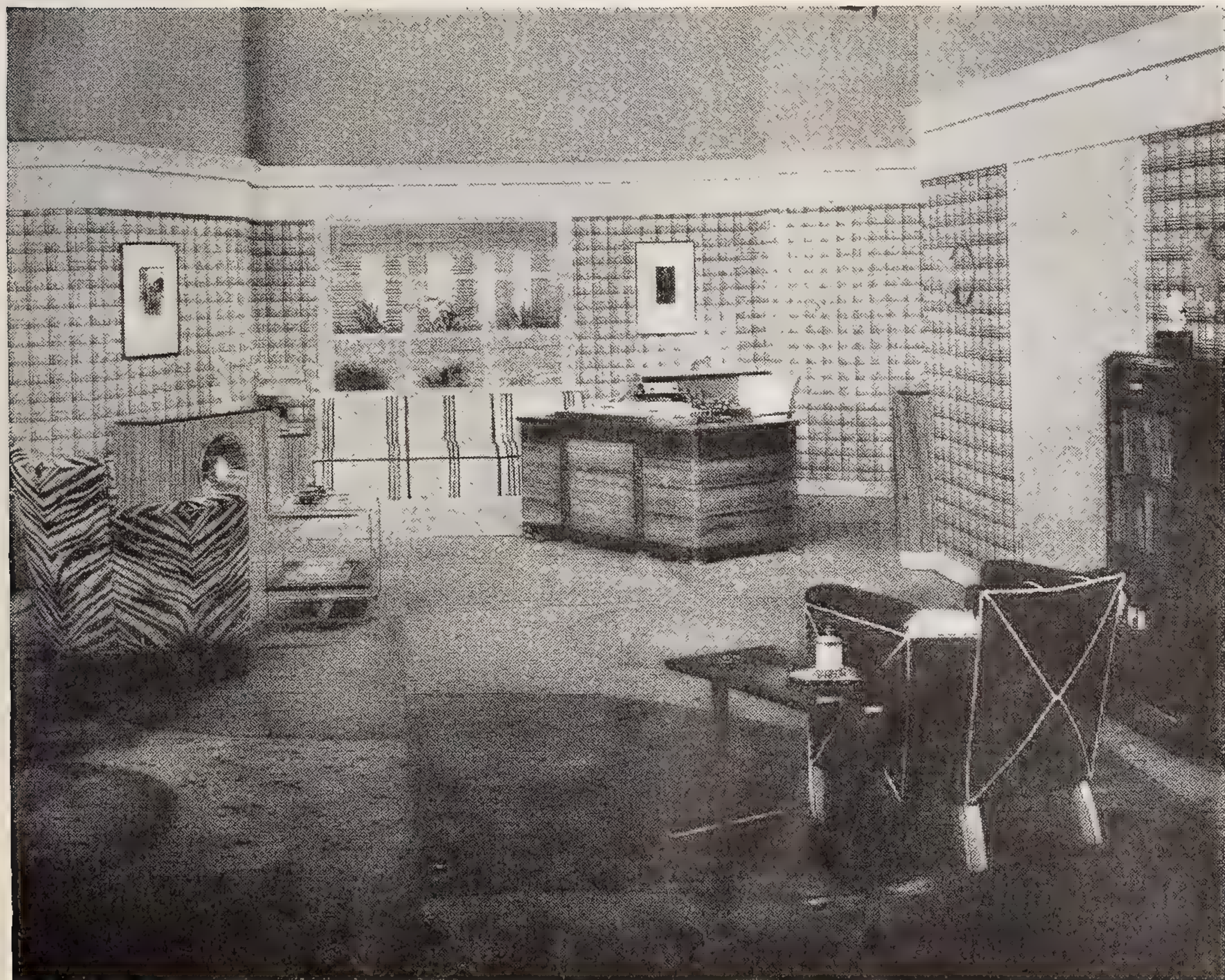
"In the living-room, we would have a fireplace with padded seats arranged around or beside it. Bookcases, if desired, would be designed for the best available space. If a sofa was to be used, the best place for it would be chosen according to the architect's judgment and there it would be installed. A table or two or a desk could be added, as the designer of the room saw fit, and the necessary lamps would be arranged in usable and artistic fashion.

"If the tenant cared to bring in additional chairs, small coffee table, book stand or magazine rack, these could be acquired; the little personal things naturally should be chosen by the man who expects to use them.

"In a small apartment, where the living-room is also to be used as a dining-room, the dining table could be built in on a swinging arm or sliding groove so that after the meal was over the table could be swung or slid back into the kitchen or small closet.

"At the moment I'm talking about small, compact apartments for two or three people who haven't much money. We'll talk of larger places later on. In the apartments, we are considering linoleum or the new rubber carpets for the floors. These come in good colors and designs and wear well. If the tenant has some small rugs of his own he can put (*Continued on page 92*)

A SCREENLAND SCOOP!



Above, an ingenious arrangement of dressing table and perfume cabinet. The color scheme is sapphire blue and white.

Left, this striking interior, designed by Gordon Wile for "Odd Thursday," illustrates superbly the Patterson ideal.

SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

Spitfire
RKO



I'm afraid to write this review. If I try to tell you what this picture is about I'll use up all my space and may even frighten you away from it because of its daring theme. "Spitfire" must be seen. I can't do it justice here. This story of a wild and wonderful mountain girl has been told with such beauty and such courage that it becomes a classic of the screen; and it is perfectly interpreted by its director, its star, and its cast. Imagine Hepburn, stormy petrel of pictures, as a faith-healer! You can't—until you've seen her. Then she will thrill you with a deep and wise and witty portrayal that transcends a studio and haughty stellar publicity and impresses as authentic art. Here, Hepburn is not Jo of "Little Women," but Trigger, tender, tempestuous, ardent, spiritual, half-primitive, half-holy terror who "loves everybody"—and throws rocks at some! "Spitfire" is not only a fascinating character study; it is intensely absorbing entertainment. Ralph Bellamy and every other member of the cast—perfect! Particularly Sarah Haden, who gives one of the season's outstanding performances.

REVIEWS of the Best Pictures By

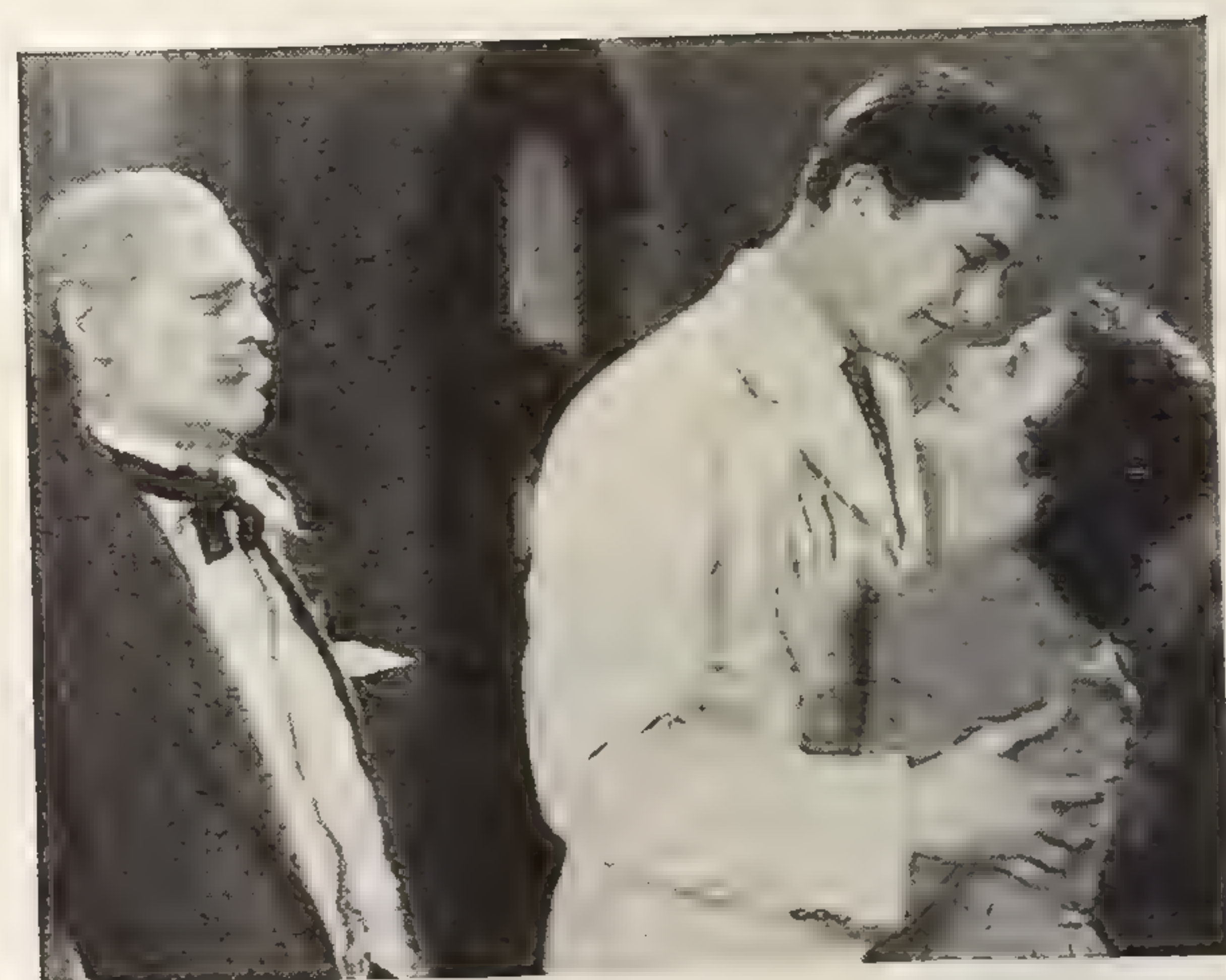
Delight Swann

As The Earth
Turns
Warners



A beautiful picture! And for once, screen beauty doesn't mean Dietrich or Sten, or dancing girls, or lavish sets. This beauty is Mother Nature—you've met her in scenics, and caught glimpses of her in "Most Beautiful Stills." But here, she is starred, and gives a noble show. I cannot praise the Warner picturization of Gladys Carroll's fine book highly enough. It is an intelligent, faithful, and scrupulous screening, without compromise. There are no movie "touches." The "good earth" brings joy and sorrow, triumph and tragedy to two or three families of Maine farmers—that's all. But the quiet romance of Jen, sturdy daughter of New England, and Stan, son of a Polish tailor won back to the soil, will move you; and the cross-section of family life will interest every American, no matter what his background. The amazing "sets," all made within the Warner lot, are miracles of artistic ingenuity. Jean Muir wins our Honor Page, with Donald Woods, a young Fredric March—great bet, this boy—as runner-up. Superlatives for Sarah Padden and David Landau.

Carolina
Fox



It's a treat to see Janet Gaynor stand up to those two splendid old troupers, Lionel Barrymore and Henrietta Crosman, and hold her own! A spunky little piece, this Gaynor girl; and she can act. She proves it, if you needed proof, in her new film, for she is almost entirely surrounded by past-masters of the gentle art of picture-stealing—and she emerges with first honors. Here's Paul Green's play, "The House of Connelly," excellently screened by Henry King, with Janet in the highly sympathetic rôle of a little Northern orphan transplanted to an old South Carolina plantation which, with its owners, has sadly deteriorated, thanks to the eccentric uncle of the Connelly clan, played by Lionel Barrymore, the autocratic Mrs. Connelly, (Henrietta Crosman), and the shiftless son (Robert Young), who is eventually redeemed by the heroine's love and faith. Janet's delicate art—yes, I said art!—glows gemlike in the picturesque setting. The cast is superb—including the inimitable chocolate comic, Stepin Fetchit. Robert Young is splendid.

You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

How to Enjoy Your Movie-Going!

See "Wonder Bar"—superlative spectacle.

Don't miss "Spitfire," Hepburn's latest.

Watch for "It Happened One Night"—gay romance.

Catch "Carolina" and "As The Earth Turns," two fine American dramas.

Be entertained by "The Cat and the Fiddle," best of the current operettas.



Wonder Bar
Warners



The smash of the season! The super-spectacle, the all-star revue, the—boy, a fresh set of superlatives! Is "Wonder Bar" really that good? It is. Does it bring back Al Jolson and no questions asked? A loud and ringing "Yes!" *Sonny-Boy-Singin'-Fool* Al comes into his own again, and this time to stay. There's no one, and "Wonder Bar" proves it, who can vitalize the Vitaphone as Jolson can. Wait until you see and hear him put over *Goin' to Heaven on a Mule*, and I think you'll agree with me. And *there's* a number! As Al would say, you really have visualized nothin' as yet of what you will eventually witness. But Jolson isn't all of "Wonder Bar." It's colorful melodrama, a "Grand Hotel" of a Paris night-club, owned by Jolson, with Dolores Del Rio as a dancer and Kay Francis as a wealthy wife both in love with bad-boy Ricardo Cortez, and Dick Powell the crooning contender for Dolores. There's enough excitement for a dozen dramas; but it's all in "Wonder Bar." Great musical numbers. Del Rio is exquisite; Cortez, a handsome menace. And—Al!



The Cat
and the Fiddle
M-G-M



It Happened
One Night
Columbia



This picture has Rythm! Not only Jerome Kern's tunes—but William K. Howard's direction carries out the idea; rippling along with all the gay charm of a Kern melody. *The Night Was Made for Love*—and this picture was made for the sparkling personalities of Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro. It's a happy merger of music and talents. Ramon will win you completely as the impulsive and ardent young music student—or you're the one who didn't like *The Three Little Pigs*. And when Ramon pursues the lovely Miss MacDonald all over Brussels and finally to Paris and back to Brussels again—I hope you'll be running right along. I know I was. Jeanette's voice and looks match—both enchanting. Novarro sings, too, and nicely—and his ingratiating boyishness disarms all criticism of this Mexican *Peter Pan*. There's a certain self-conscious "whimsy" about "The Cat and the Fiddle" at times that may weary you; but to recompense there are refreshing new ways of presenting the songs, Charles Butterworth's best comedy, and Frank Morgan for elegance.



And why hasn't it happened before, I'd like to know? I mean the co-starring of Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert? What a team! And what a chance they have in this charming romantic comedy so skilfully directed by Columbia's megaphone ace, Frank Capra. Claudette plays with verve and imagination the slightly impish daughter of millionaire Walter Connolly. She marries, to please the plot, the wrong man, only to encounter Clark Gable later on—but in time to afford all of us some of the best light screen entertainment in months. Gable as a carefree reporter has a robust rôle, and how he plays it! There's a nice spirit about the entire picture. It's a good thing for a hero and heroine from two different companies to be borrowed by still a third company—it gives 'em all a gay spontaneity; there's a holiday note to "It Happened One Night." May it happen often! Thanks, Columbia, for an inspiration. Cheers for Claudette and Clark. She never looked lovelier. He never made nicer love. Consequences, grand entertainment!

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films

SCREENLAND

Tashman, Ultra-Sophistication in Person! Dress to satisfy your sense of the dramatic, says Lilyan. Adorn your moods! Play up your personality!

Tashman's is the art that conceals art! The picture at the right illustrates her clothes credo. Only a sophisticate can carry off to perfection the embroidered collar, cuffs, and jabot of pink organdie!



Lilyan likes frills and ruffles for these reactionary romantic days we're living in! Left, she wears a flower-splashed print, topped by a halo hat.

Below, that black Panama hat with the green velvet bow gives the proper dash to Tashman's frock of black with red flowers. Effective, isn't she?



Glamor School



Edited by

Lilyan Tschura

The close-up of our Glamor Editor at the left shows her new coiffure. It's her own idea. Try those soft curls on your own forehead, with Lilyan's compliments of the season! See her cluster of bead bracelets?

And here's a "different" one-piece afternoon dress, below, of beige wool, with a shirred frill from neckline to hem. High at throat, it is fastened with a clip.

Lilyan is lovely in the Spring-like gown she is wearing at the right. It's dark brown crêpe with green flowers—a new print. Note the cascade of ruffles!





Latest doings and sayings from Cinema City!

Who said "non-intoxicating"? Maybe the word applies to the usual contents of a wine-barrel—but when seductive Dorothy Lee takes their place it's another and sweeter story. Have you seen Dorothy as one of the major temptations with Wheeler and Woolsey in "Hips Hips Hooray"?

JEAN HARLOW is now Chief of Police of Pasadena, California—and the thing is on the level. Because she gave considerable time and effort to make the Police Ball of that city a big success, she was presented with a duplicate of the badge worn by the city's regular head-guy of the police department. With her badge, Jean rates salutes 'never' thing—and Heaven help the Pasadena copper who attempts to give the plat-blonde a ticket for traffic-rule violations!

JACK OAKIE can always be trusted to amuse Hollywood party-goers with this or that stunt. His most recent was the employing of four male extras in evening clothes, ordered through Central Casting Bureau, to accompany him to a big party. Their duty was to laugh every time Oakie told a funny story. They were a tremendous success, and when the evening was over, Jack gaily gave each extra \$7.50. But one of the men complained. "We ought to get \$10 apiece for night work," he said. "Besides, laughing at some of your stories was worth every bit of it."

YOU should see Gary Cooper, between scenes on the "Operator 13" set, walk over to stand beside a very lovely girl, whom he occasionally kisses. She is Sandra Shaw—or Veronica Balfe, now Mrs. Gary Cooper. Almost daily she takes her knitting to the studio and sits on the set.

REPORTS were pro and con as to whether Kay Francis did a walkout on a picture titled "The Key." The studio denies that Kay walked, and to the press Miss Francis made statements agreeing with the studio.

The actual facts are that Miss Francis would have refused to play the part had the studio insisted. She didn't think the rôle was big enough, and she went to the studio executives and made known her mind. She pointed out in no mincing words that she had enacted a part that was little more than a bit in "Wonder Bar," but that never again would she do such mediocre rôles—and the part in "The Key," she said, was just such a rôle. Studio officials recognized determination in Kay's face and voice, and they wisely excused her from the undesirable part.

WHEN Francis Lederer isn't beguiling stage or screen audiences with his handsome presence, you'll usually find him working for the cause of peace among the nations. Francis is the founder of the World Peace Federation, with headquarters in Hollywood. Being a scholarly as well as an idealistic lad, he was recently invited to speak on the outlawing of war before interested groups at the University of California and U. S. C. That for your "low-brow" actor!

WHEN Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston had their seventh wedding anniversary, an enterprising florist (not Halchester, Hollywood's pet flower-supplier) sent a huge vase of roses to their home. Attached to the gift was this note: "This vase is loaned. Please keep it, and we will call for it."

WHEN Katharine Cornell, famous stage actress, took her repertory troupe to Hollywood recently, the producers again tried to persuade her to act in the film version of her most famous play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." But all in vain. So Norma Shearer will play Miss Cornell's rôle of *Elizabeth Barrett* on the screen—and there's lots of consolation in that fact for lovers of the play.



Bravo! Brava! This Chevalier-MacDonald embrace celebrates their happy reunion as co-stars of "The Merry Widow."

By Weston East

Here's *Lillums*, the famous *Harold Teen's* lady-love, as charming Rochelle Hudson will impersonate her in a picture based on the popular comic strip. *Harold* will be played by Hal LeRoy.



News and news-to-be
about your pet picture
performers!



International

Your favorite sad-faced comedienne, Zasu Pitts, was snapped while on a honeymoon with her husband, John E. Woodall.

YOU'D think there were a number of girls on the set where Joan Blondell is at work, instead of just one.

The reason is, Miss Blondell has any number of nicknames, and it so happens that all are in constant use. Jimmy Cagney calls her "Jony." Director Lloyd Bacon calls her "Johanna." Her husband, cameraman George Barnes, calls her "Jo." And of course, most people call her by her own name, "Joan."

FORMER Wall Street brokers are not the only people riding around in ancient automobiles. Many of the screen-famous own cars that were new "away back when."

Greta Garbo, for example, goes here and there in a 1927 Rolls-Royce limousine. Richard Dix pilots a 1928 Cadillac to and from the studio. Cecil B. DeMille's favorite motor-mount is a 1929 Lincoln. Edmund Lowe drives a six-year-old Franklin roadster. Kay Francis' La Salle coupe was made in 1929. Janet Gaynor is perfectly satisfied with her 1929 Cadillac sedan.

IN ANSWER to her advertisements to find her father, six men wrote to Ann Dvorak and claimed to be papa . . . Dixie Lee Crosby has signed for a series of six come-back pictures; the first is "Manhattan Love Song" . . . Out West, they're calling Vince Barnett, professional ribber, "the knife of the party" . . . Kay Francis wears bedroom slippers in all scenes in which her feet do not show . . . Louise Fazenda does not use her natural voice in pictures . . . If this is any guide to fame, Ginger Rogers receives more fan letters than Katharine Hepburn . . . Al Jolson fooled Chicago newspaper reporters at the railway station by wearing a handlebar mustache when he left the train . . . Virginia Bruce is considering offers to return to the screen.

IT IS the unlooked-for accident that often halts motion picture production and costs the studios money. For instance, in a recent picture scene, Carole Lombard was required to tear off her dress and fling it aside. Carole tore and flung—but the flimsy dress lit on one of those hot studio lamps, where it promptly burst into flames. Work had to be discontinued for the day until the dress could be duplicated.

HELEN MACK, for good luck, chooses the number "13." So loyal is she to that pair of digits, in fact that when she was approached by Paramount studio for a contract, she insisted on 13-months years, instead of the usual twelve.

"13 is my lucky number," she told the studio boss, "so my contract must be for that many months a year."

The executive agreed, but after she had gone, he looked at the contract and realized that it was five months longer (over a period of five years) than other pacts. Whereupon he muttered to his secretary: "She's no fool!"

MOST amusing was that visit to the Paramount studio of several girls who are students at a Los Angeles art school. The idea was for the girls to visit various sets and sketch the stars in action.

The first set they visited was that on which Bing Crosby was recording a song for his new picture. When five o'clock rolled around, the girls were still there, sketching the crooner as though their lives depended upon it.

A VETERAN actor visited John Barrymore, and much to John's mingled amusement and embarrassment, insisted on telling of the early stage struggles of Barrymore.

"John and a young writer named P. G. Wodehouse used to steal my gold-plate about twice a month, and pawn it for money to buy food," related the veteran. "I had an important rôle in a play (John had a small part in the same play), but I couldn't speak without my teeth, so the irate manager always had to redeem them from the pawnshop."

"Well, it happened so often that finally the manager made me leave my teeth at the box-office every night. I had to hurry to the theatre every morning for my plate, so that I could eat my breakfast."



Wallace Beery, as Pancho Villa, tells the Mexican government, represented by George E. Stone, just what's what and why. This graphic studio scene was snapped during the filming of "Viva Villa." See Leo Carrillo?

AFTER a vacation trip to Europe with his wife, during which they visited Moscow, Paul Muni is now back in Hollywood, ready to begin work on the film version of that sensational best-seller, "Anthony Adverse."

ALTHOUGH, at the moment of going to press, she was about to be cast in another picture, Gloria Stuart has not yet settled her difficulties with Universal Studios.

Gloria walked out and threatened to quit the screen and go to China, unless she was given better parts in Universal pictures. Her fret was brought on by the fact that although she is under contract to the company, "U" executives were borrowing leading ladies from other companies for choice feminine rôles.

Studio officials gave Gloria the spot opposite Tracy to appease her, but she says that the truce is only temporary—if the good parts do not continue, she will break her contract, even if it means an end to her film career. Well, we'll see!

WHICH pictures do you go to see? Are you a good critic of what the public-at-large enjoys? Following are the titles of 13 leading money-making pictures of 1933. How many did you see and enjoy?

"I'm No Angel," "Cavalcade," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "Little Women," "Tugboat Annie," "Be Mine Tonight," "State Fair," "Girls In Uniform," "Rasputin and the Empress," "Animal Kingdom," "The Kid From Spain," and "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth."

Delight Evans, your critic and mine, tagged all but one—which is a percentage of 92 per cent. Amazing!



Connie goes medieval! Constance Bennett joins the costume-drama girls as the heroine of "Firebrand," a racy, swashbuckling film based on a popular stage success. With her in this scene are Louis Calhern and Frank Morgan.



A MOVE is afoot in Hollywood to popularize steeplechase racing. Ann Harding is the prime backer of the plan, and she has already commenced construction of a steeplechase on her ranch, a few miles from the film city.

Ann herself drew the plans for the new track, and at least eight hazardous jumps will bar the way of riders. Miss Harding has added three jumping horses to her stable, and will be foremost in the drive to popularize steeplechases in the West.

Incidentally, for those not in the know, Ann's father was an army officer, and Miss Harding was able to ride almost before she could walk. Both Tom Mix and Hoot Gibson have declared that she is one of the world's finest riders.

ADOLPHE MENJOU and George Raft were about to start a new picture together, when Menjou said to Raft: "I see that in one scene, I am to slap you. I believe in realism, so I'm going to make it a real slap."

"Oh, but haven't you heard?" countered Raft. "That scene has been changed—I slap you."

Menjou paled, then cried, "It's not that way in my script—and it was my script I read when I signed the contract!"

YOU'LL be glad to know that pretty Adalyn Doyle, who used to be Katharine Hepburn's "stand-in" over at R-K-O, has been given a rôle of her own in that studio's picture, "Finishing School." Dorothy Jordan's younger sister, Mary, will make her screen debut in the same picture. Good luck, gals!

Director Jack Conway, (left), and his assistant, John Waters, carefully watch the action while photographer James Wong Howe handles his camera. That microphone will, of course, be invisible on the screen.

HISS AND CHEER DEPT.: This month, a great big close-up with special lighting to Frances Dee. When Ruth Stovall, a struggling extra girl, was injured in an automobile accident, Frances sent Ruth to a private hospital. She also paid the costs of medical care to prevent the girl's face from being permanently scarred.

A long shot with poor lighting to that Hollywood gagster who thought it funny to call Sidney Blackmer's mother in the middle of the night, telling her that he was a studio executive and wanted Sidney at once. Mrs. Blackmer telephoned until four o'clock in the morning seeking her son, only to learn that she had been ribbed.

One of those extra-good sound tracks for Bing Crosby's voice. Bing, who always buys flowers from a little girl who stands in front of the studio, drove half-way home one night before he remembered he had forgotten the flower girl. He turned back and made his daily purchase.

A long, long shot to Mary Astor. At a recent party, someone asked her: "Who is that lovely red-headed girl at the far end of the room?" Mary answered: "She is Grace Bradley—just another comic."

A final close-up to Carl Laemmle, Jr., for his fairness and good judgment in giving Lee Tracy a chance to return to the screen. Laemmle, not intimidated by actions of others who condemned Tracy, paved the way for Lee's return by giving him the leading rôle in "I'll Tell the World."

DAILY, the postal department delivers to the stars scores of packages containing cakes, candies, preserves and other edibles, sent by fans throughout the world.

If you are such a gift-sender, you may as well desist. The stars never eat food sent by unknown persons. Ninety-nine per cent of such goodies might be all right, but one per cent might be from a crank. The stars dare not risk the one per cent.



"Old Time goes on a-flying!" It seems like yesterday when Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye were just a couple of youngsters. But see them here in a scene from "Fox Scandals," in which Rudy has a real, honest-to-goodness acting part.

LOOKS as though Sidney Fox and Charlie Beahan are in earnest about their divorce plans this time. After several "ons" and "offs" Sidney finally had her attorney proceed with the filing of legal papers. And that's how it stands at this writing—though there is still time, to be sure, for another round of reconciliations and re-separations.

IF YOU think some screen stars are not the same off-screen as on, you should visit the Legion Stadium on Hollywood-fight-night. There, ring-side, may be seen Mae West, Lupe Velez, Johnny Weissmuller, George Raft, Groucho Marx and other movie-famous.

Lupe squirms and twists, chattering incessantly at the fighters. Weissmuller bellows shouts of encouragement, and has even voiced his *Tarzan* yell during exciting moments. Groucho wise-cracks the fighters constantly. Both Mae and Raft, true to type, sit quietly and apparently unemotionally, exactly as they enact their great screen situations.

A CERTAIN director in Hollywood is universally unpopular. But one girl failed to see his faults, for she married him. Now it happened that not long ago, this wife joined some people at a round-table luncheon. There a new acquaintance asked her: "Are you married?"

"Yes, I'm married to director So-and-So," she answered, "and a fine, upstanding fellow, too."

Someone at the far side of the table hissed: "Bigamist!"



"Last call, girls!" You'll see this group of potent little charmers in the chorus of the musical extravaganza, "Fox Follies." They're putting on the finishing beauty touches as the cry, "On the set," resounds through the studio.

NEVER have the two adult members of the Richard Arlen family been closer to marital disaster than that day, not so long ago, when Dick returned home from work and failed to return his wife's cheery "Hello, darling." Not only did he not answer, but Dick also remained strangely quiet when Jobyna asked several questions about the day's work.

Amazed and hurt, Mrs. Arlen was on the verge of tears. Dick observed the impending storm, and asked the reason. Then he saw her lips moving but heard no sound, and suddenly he realized the trouble:

All day, Arlen had been working in war scenes with roaring machine guns and rifles. To protect his ears, he had filled them with cotton. At day's end, he left the set hastily and hurried home, forgetting to remove the cotton. *Dick had not heard one word of his wife's greeting or questions!*

AMONG the divorce moves of the month is that of Irene Bentley, who announced her intention of filing suit against her husband, George R. Kent, New York broker. The two separated some time ago.



An expert at work. Leslie Howard, your favorite practitioner of subtle masculine charm, is one of Hollywood's most enthusiastic amateur photographers. Here he is in his own private dark-room, developing a treasured snapshot.



LEE TRACY'S comeback movie is entitled, "I'll Tell the World" Jean Harlow's first picture following her ten-week suspension is "Repeal" Both Jane and June Gale, dance-act sisters, had their noses broken while working in "Melody In Spring" Sally Eilers positively denies the widely printed report that she is expecting a visit from the stork Mae West is accompanied everywhere by armed guards, following threats to throw acid in her face because she testified against gangsters in court Charlie Chaplin's new movie, like his last, will be a non-talkie Frances Dee and Joel McCrea will welcome the stork in August Two film companies are begging Katharine Hepburn's sister to sign contracts Richard and Jobyna Ralston Arlen postponed their European trip two weeks until their son learned to say both "Mama" and "Daddy" Mary Brian is making her stage debut in a Hollywood theatre Following a trial separation, Gloria Swanson and husband Michael Farmer went on a second honeymoon to Palm Springs.

IT HAPPENED at a time when Cecilia Parker was making a series of two-reel comedies, better known in Hollywood as "shorts." A Hollywood visitor and a Hollywood old-timer went to the Russian Eagle for lunch, and the visitor, recognizing Cecilia at a table, asked, "What is Miss Parker doing now?"

"She is working in shorts," responded the old-timer.

"Goodness!" goodness the visitor. "I thought the Will Hays office had barred that!"

A NEW actor at Paramount was visiting George Raft on the "Bolero" set. The chap insisted on describing to Raft how very popular he (the new actor) had been on the Eastern stage.

"When I was enacting the big dramatic scene in my last play," he told George, "the audience was glued to the seats."

"No doubt," murmured Raft, "the management found that was the best way to keep them there."

A N AMUSING story is that about Heather Angel and Nigel Bruce, Englishers, whose birthdays are almost the same. They went shopping for presents to give each other, and by coincidence they met in a Hollywood store.

"Well, what are you going to buy for me?" asked Bruce.

"I don't know," stammered Heather. "What are you buying for me?"

"I don't know, either," confessed Bruce. "How much do you intend to spend?"

"Oh, about ten dollars," answered Heather. "What's your budget for my gift?"

"I planned on parting with fifteen dollars," said Bruce.

"Jolly fine," commented Miss Angel. "You just give me five dollars, and we've done our shopping."

Bruce paid, and they went to dinner together!



In conference! And a pretty important conference it is, too, for Gloria Swanson, after a protracted vacation from American films, has just signed a contract with Irving Thalberg to appear in M-G-M pictures. So—watch for Gloria!



Pretty Adalyn Doyle, who used to be Katharine Hepburn's "stand-in," is an actress on her own now! She's won a part in "Finishing School," and is all set for a film career. Here's luck, sweet Adalyn!

DO YOU remember the gorgeous portable dressing-room that Joan Crawford gave Doug Fairbanks, Jr., when they were married? Newspapers and magazines were filled with pictures of that small palace-on-wheels.

Paul Muni uses it now. You see, when Doug went to Europe, he saw no sense in dragging the dressing-room along, so he sold it to a studio for one-fifth its cost.

JIMMY CAGNEY must go around looking for theatre marquees gleaming with funny signs. He's always springing 'em, and his latest is that one theatre announced a double bill with: **HENRY THE EIGHTH—LADY KILLER.**

SOMETIMES people hang around for months trying to get inside the studios. Other times—well, two young hitch-hikers came to Hollywood with a great yearning to see and talk to Ginger Rogers.

It took them a few hours to learn at which studio Ginger was employed. With that information, they stood in front of the studio's main gate. Each new person who went inside was told, "We came here to meet Ginger Rogers. Will you tell her we hiked 500 miles to see her?" At last one of the passers-in conveyed the message.

Ginger at once sent her secretary to the gate, invited the two boys inside, and hostess-ed them for luncheon. Before night of the day they arrived in Hollywood, the hitch-hikers were *en route* home.

HERE'S another, and quite touching, proof of the universal popularity of "Little Women," Louisa M. Alcott's classic novel whose resounding success in cinema form was one of the bright spots of the past year. A copy of the book has been found in the possession of the Hammer Galleries of New York, among a collection from the Imperial library of the Romanoffs, late ruling family of Russia. The volume belonged to the Grand Duchess Olga, eldest daughter of the Czar and Czarina, and bears the inscription on the fly leaf, "To Darling Olga from Mama and Papa, Jan. 11th, 1908." The well-thumbed pages of the book are evidence that the little Grand Duchess thoroughly enjoyed reading it.

HEARTBEATS AND UN-BEATS DEPT.: Quite a mob of friends met those newlyweds, Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill, on their Hollywood arrival from England. After all these months, Merna Kennedy finally became Mrs. Busby (director) Berkeley at an ornate Hollywood wedding that was as circusy as a Ringling Brothers performance.

A most interesting double romance involves the Ames brothers, Stephen, Adrienne's former husband, and Paul, and the Torres sisters, Racquel and Renée. Wedding bells may tinkle for Stephen and Racquel any old day, and likely as not, Paul and Renée will make it a dual ceremony.

On the contrary, that three-year-old romance between Marilyn Miller and Don Alvarado has hit the rocks. There are rumors of a reconciliation between Maurice Chevalier and Yvonne Vallée, his ex-wife—but Maurice seems too devoted to Kay Francis at the moment, to give full credit to reconciliation reports.

Dorothy Dell says that ring, given her by Jay Henry, is just for friendship, but it looks like the goods. Muriel Kirkland and Leeward Meeker are star-gazing together. Dick and William Powell are vieing for the favors of Margaret Lindsay; so far, the Dick of the Powells seems to be leading that chase. Marian Nixon is going places with Phillip Reed that many nights every week.

Divorce proceedings to divide the B. P. Schulbergs are anticipated hourly, and then B. P. may announce his engagement to Sylvia Sidney. Despite his denials, Raoul Roulian is devoting himself to Conchita Montenegro.

Something has side-tracked the expected Lola Lane-Al Hall nuptials. Contrarily, the Isabel Jewell-Lee Tracy romance goes on, like the brook, forever. Florinne McKinney, not-so-often-with director W. S. Van Dyke nowadays, is more-often-with Ralph Malone. Adolphe Menjou, abetted by his fiancée, Vera Teasdale, is building a home in Beverly, where they'll reside after their marriage this summer.

That silly separation between Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller turned into a joke. They're a temperamental pair, and they admit that they fight constantly—but they like it, apparently, for they've at least momentarily abandoned their every-other-day partings. Not so happily did the resumed-marriage trial of the John Gilberts (Virginia Bruce) turn out. As this is written, Virginia is preparing to file suit for divorce.

Randy Scott and Vivian Gaye have broken, but that has happened before, and they've always managed to get back together. The Patsy Parker who took out a wedding license with Albert Conti is not the same Patsy who will likely wed Bert Wheeler. And by the way, Bert's screen partner, Dorothy Lee, has not separated from Marshall Duffield—at least, not as this is written.

PICTURE Carole Lombard's puzzlement when she sat in her dressing room one night, awaiting a set call, and heard a single set of footsteps outside, but several voices conversing. Her first thought was of ghosts.

Frightened, she peered out through a window. Outside, she saw the night studio night-watchman. The man is an amateur ventriloquist, and he talks to himself on his rounds to keep from getting lonesome!

NOBODY has ever equalled the flashy clothes that Sam Hardy, the comedian, wears. When Sam went to England last year, he amazed the Britons, so flamboyant were his street attires.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., brought back to Hollywood the prize story about Hardy. It seems, according to Doug, that Sam went into a shop and espied a bolt of material with brightly colored checks at least three inches square.

"I want an overcoat made of that material," cried Hardy.

After long argument with the clerk, he got his wish. The clerk's quarrel was: *The material had been woven for horse blankets!*

SPEAKING of Hollywood heart-throbs, there was that moment on location during the filming of Marion Davies' and Gary Cooper's picture, "Operator 13," when Henry B. Walthall suddenly faltered in his lines. When Raoul Walsh, director of the picture, asked him what the trouble was, the famous troupier reminded him that it was on the very same spot that he had made scenes as the star of "The Birth of a Nation" in 1915. And now, nineteen years later, Walthall was again playing a Confederate soldier—this time in a small part.



"Come on, Marines"—look what's doing! Dick Arlen plays a devil-dog sergeant in the film of that name, delightfully aided by Lona Andre, Gwenllian Gill, Kay McCoy, Ida Lupino, Toby Wing, Jenifer Gray, Jean Chatburn, and Clara Lou Sheridan. Marines, beware!

GOSSIPERS with poisonous minds like to make scandal out of ordinary circumstances. For instance, one gabby writer went into a personal frenzy with the news that, soon after Al Jolson went to New York, Ruby Keeler moved into a house near that occupied by Dick Powell. If you've heard *that* part of the story, let me tell you the balance: The house into which Ruby moved is the home of her entire family, including mother, father and four sisters.

JIMMIE FIDLER, SCREENLAND's West Coast representative, who broadcasts those interesting programs for radio on "Hollywood On the Air," had a quick answer for the fan who asked: "How do you gather all your movie news and gossip?"

"I'll let you in on a secret," Fidler confided. "I have spies. Two of my best newsgeters, in fact, are Jimmy Durante, who *nose* all, and Clark Gable, who *ears* all."

CONSIDER the experiences of "O," Nick Stuart's English bulldog. He gets his name from his extreme ugliness, at which people always gasp "O" on first meeting.

A few months ago, "O" was lost. Advertisements and search failed to achieve results. One recent day, Nick's former chauffeur saw a dog fitting the description of Nick's canine. The chauffeur called and "O" immediately recognized the name.

Now it develops that soon after "O" wandered away from home, he was picked up by Clara Bow's houseboy. For several months the dog basked in the sunshine of the It-girl's smiles. Then he again decided to see the world, and he wandered. It was during this last tour that "O," thin and gaunt, was found by the chauffeur and returned to Stuart. He's decided that there's no place like home after all!

EVERY day, new ways to make money are discovered in Hollywood. For instance, the "You're Telling Me" company went on location near the film city. A sagacious woman turned on her radio full-blast, and the director had to pay her ten dollars to quiet the machine so that the sound picture could be filmed. The next day, when the company returned to the site, not only was the radio going full-blast again, but a dozen kids were present, *playing hockey with tin cans!*



Earl Carroll, famous impresario of the musical stage, invades Hollywood to film his hit, "Murder at the Vanities," bringing some of his eye-filling talent with him. Carroll will direct the picture at the Paramount studios—and judging by his stage offerings, it'll be something to see!

DID you worry about the mysterious disappearance of Myrna Loy, too? Everybody in Hollywood was on needles and pins. All sorts of rumors—runaway marriage, kidnapping, contract disagreement—were built around her not-be-foundness. And still no Myrna!

One day, after three weeks' absence, she put in an appearance at the studio, as cool and calm as you please. Then and there she revealed that she had taken a quiet trip to Honolulu—and produced evidence to prove her story.

BEHIND Larry "Buster" Crabbe's appeal to the A. A. U. for reinstatement as an amateur swimmer is a clever plot on the part of his studio to gain reams of publicity for the star, or so it looks to insiders.

In his plea to the A. A. U. officials, Crabbe points out that he has not used his ability as a swimmer to further his screen career. He disclaims knowledge, also, of the fact that the studio advertised him as the "Olympic champion swimmer" in some of their promotion.

THAT Kay Francis at one time was married to William Gaston, 2nd, present husband of the socially and dramatically prominent Rosamond Pinchot, was revealed recently when Kay filed suit for divorce against Kenneth MacKenna. Miss Pinchot declares, by the way, that she is a great friend and admirer of the beautiful Kay, and denies that there has ever been anything but the pleasantest relations between them.

IT ISN'T very often that Cecil B. DeMille's keen wit can be topped, but Tom Gubbins, the Chinese merchant and actor, stopped the director. It happened one day when DeMille said to Gubbins: "Is it a fact that the Chinese alphabet contains more than 40,000 characters, each with a meaning of its own?"

"It is true," smiled the Chinaman. "Almost as many characters, in fact, as you used in 'King of Kings.'"

NED SPARKS was solo-dining in a Hollywood late spot one night when the lights suddenly went out. A waitress fluttered over to his table and explained: "I'm sorry, Mr. Sparks. We'll put the lights back on when we get one of those, what-do-you-call-ems—er, spark plugs."

"Never mind the spark plugs," roared Ned. "Plug Sparks. Get me a spot-light."



Here's one of the most striking portraits ever made of blonde Greta Nissen, who recently has been making films in England for British International Pictures. Watch for her in the exciting "Contraband."

MARY PICKFORD revisited the birthplace of her film career recently when she officially "christened" the modernized Biograph Studios in New York. It was in this historic atelier that your Mary and mine made her very first movie, "The Violin Maker of Cremona," and several more following it. Lillian Gish and D. W. Griffith, other famous Biograph graduates, also attended the ceremonies.

PATRICIA ELLIS vows she heard it between two male extras on a set. They were berating each other, and the argument was even until one jibed:

"Well, you and your pal may call yourself *gentlemen*, but believe me, you're no *mental gem*."

THERE were rumors that Max Baer and June Knight, longtime sweeties, might take up romancing again in a big way. When reporters reached June for a statement, she snapped: "That guy may be the next world's champion, but for me he is just a pain in the neck!"

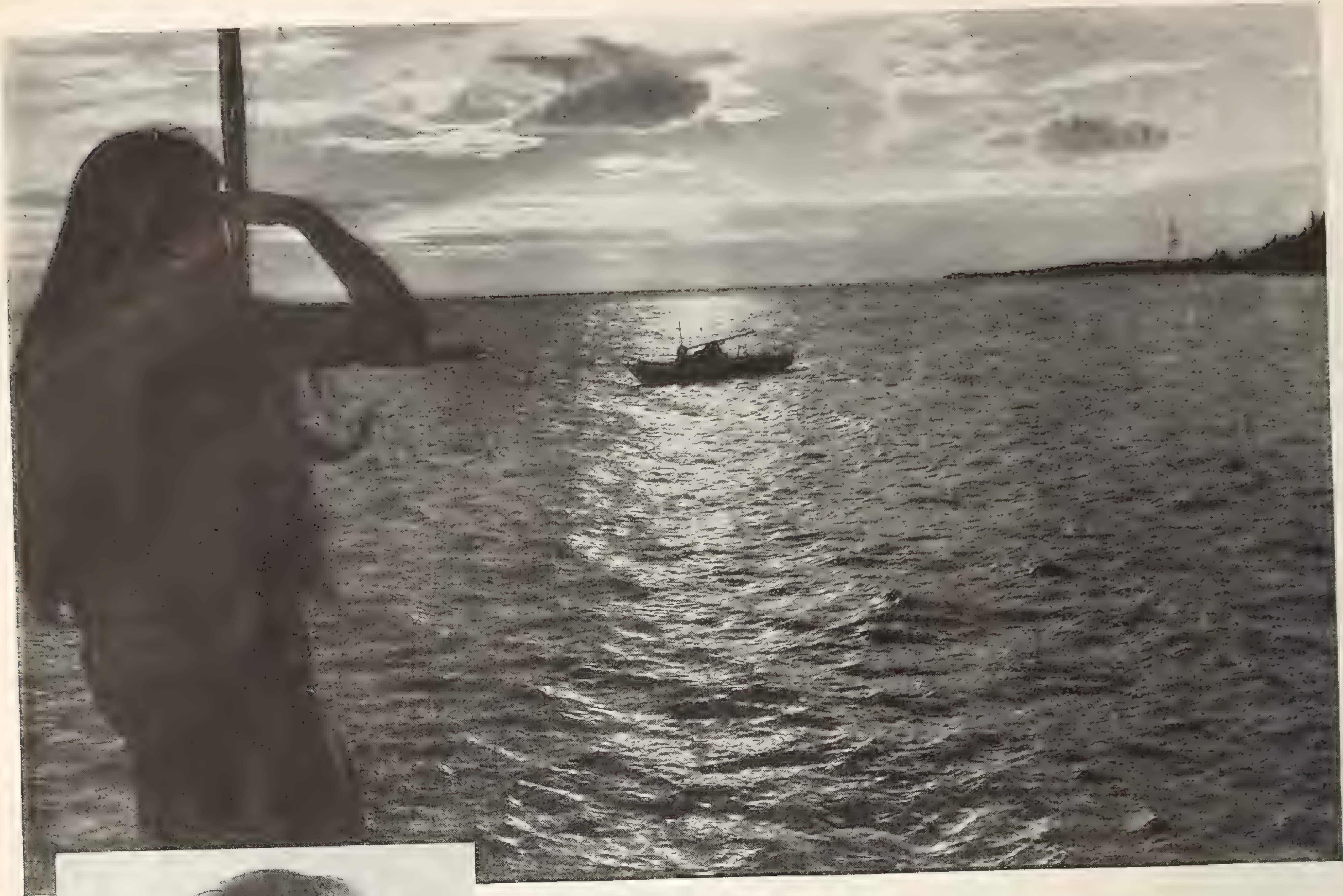
WHEN blonde and pretty Pat Paterson eloped with the French matinee idol, Charles Boyer, it was the culmination of a whirlwind romance begun three weeks back. The romantic dash to Yuma took place only three weeks after Boyer reached Hollywood.

IT WAS one of those "use this word in a sentence" confabs on a set, between scenes. At last Robert Young asked Stuart Erwin if he could use the word *Mahatma*. "Stu" grinned before he supplied: "Gimme my hat, my time is up."

AVERY pretty girl dropped into a theatre to see Muriel Kirkland in "Sailor Beware" (stage play) in Hollywood. Between acts, this lovely girl sent a note back to Muriel: "I don't know if you will remember me," the note read, "but we met at the Russian Eagle recently."

The note was signed, "Madge Evans"—and Madge fairly glowed with pleasure when Miss Kirkland invited her backstage at the end of the show.

(Continued on page 70)



And here is William Fiske, 3rd, another social scion plunging into motion picture production. The beautiful scene is from his film, "Cane Fire," made in Hawaii.

When Gilded Youth Goes Celluloid!

AND here is another American "Golden Spoon" youth, with the irresistible urge to do something with motion pictures! He is William Fiske, 3rd, the son of an American banker in Paris, who was brought up abroad with the idea of following his father's footsteps in business. Instead he has decided to desert the counting room to count for something in the movies!

Young Fiske has just come back from Hawaii where he made "Cane Fire." He wants to make more pictures "with Garbo players in authentic settings." Sounds exciting, doesn't it?

Fiske is not a Polo Boy like "Jock" and "Sonny" Whitney. But he is an outdoor enthusiast who is a "Bob-sled" Boy, a kind of sportsman we do not know much about in this country. In Europe "Bob-sledding" down an icy course at 85 miles an hour is very popular at winter resorts visited by smart Continentals and wealthy Americans abroad, and is very Saint Moritz-y!

The young producer twice has been captain on win-

ning "Bob-sled" teams in the Olympic games. He also golfs extremely well, skates, skis, and has traveled just about every place on the globe.

And now, at the ripe old age of 22, in association with his partner, Count Compagna, he hopes to make pictures all over the world in interesting spots, with a small unit of Hollywood players, technicians, directors, supplemented by native casts. "If we find that the idea is feasible," they say. "Or, in simple language, that it pays. Just now we are interested in trying it out."

"Cane Fire," which will serve to bring back to screen activity that first woman director of films, Lois Weber, was made on a Hawaiian sugar cane plantation. The story was worked out in Hollywood before leaving—which assures having a script when one gets there!—and is based on the "Madame Butterfly" theme. The villain is the superintendent of the cane plantation. The picture ends with a conflagration which "almost licked up the Pacific Ocean."

The Hollywood cast was taken to one of the smaller islands of the Hawaiian group noted for its superb settings. The players included (Continued on page 88)

All In a Day's Work!



Pat Paterson studies her script for "Bottoms Up"—and at the same time the make-up artist adds a touch, the hairdresser does her stuff, and the wardrobe department takes a stitch in time.

Hollywood—where Beauty is a part of the business—and an inspiration to you!

By
*Katharine
Hartley*

Their rouge has brushed off, or been soaked up by the skin. The lipstick is caked in spots, or gone entirely. Their powder has ceased to function, and shine appears. Their hair is flattened to the head. Well, what happens! Out comes the powder, rouge and lipstick. It's all slapped on hurriedly over the dead make-up. And—oh, horrors!

This happens only when you don't realize how necessary it is to begin at the beginning each time you do your face. But how about the girl who purposely allows herself to become disheveled and worn-looking around her

IF ORDINARY people, like you and me, could only realize that beauty is as much a part of our business, as it is of a movie star's, what a beautiful world it would be! Every star has to be looking her best every minute of the day, and she devotes plenty of time to it. She is never very many steps away from her make-up box, from her cold cream jar, and her mirror. And it's not just vanity. It's business!

We should all make an effort to follow this good example. Oh, I don't mean that you should forever be dabbing at your nose with a powder puff, anywhere, any time. I'm just old-fashioned enough to believe that men do object to a girl who flaunts her compact in his face at luncheon, at the movies, or on the dance floor. But I do mean that every few hours, you should take stock of your looks, and do something about it to keep them as agreeable as possible. I've observed many "working gals" who come to their offices, looking as fresh as a daisy. But by noon they appear absolutely washed out.

office, because, for some silly reason, she thinks that it will impress her boss that she works hard—is even overworked! Little does she realize that he's probably so sick of seeing her around, that he'd gladly give her a vacation—without pay!

How much better if you would keep a complete beauty kit in your desk drawer—one that includes cleansing cream, an astringent, and a powder base, in addition to make-up. Also it should contain a hand cream, (to be used every time you wash your hands), and perhaps a fragrant wave-setting lotion that you could spray lightly over your head. Fifteen minutes devoted to your face at lunch-time is sure to make the afternoon a success. Then, if you're going straight from your office to a date, you can repeat the process at five. And speaking of that—it's a problem, not being able to change your clothes, when you leave the office for a tea or dinner date. You may not be able to keep a complete "dressy" outfit at the office, but why not keep a (Continued on page 96)



Like a breath of the Old South comes Dixie Frances, brunette and dark-eyed, to Hollywood. Watch for her quaint charm in some forthcoming Fox pictures.

JOAN BENNETT celebrated her twenty-fourth birthday by presenting her husband, Gene Markey, with a daughter weighing eight pounds. The new member of the Bennett clan has been named Melinda Bennett Markey, and has the wholehearted approval not only of her papa, but also of Aunt Connie and Grandpa Richard, her noted relatives.

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 67

FILM-LOVERS on both sides of the Atlantic palpitated at the news of the marriage, amid romantic and exciting circumstances, of Prince Sigvard of Sweden to Fraulein Erika Patzek, German movie star and a "commoner." The Prince, whose action caused the Swedish Royal Family to disown him, at one time was said to be paying marked attention to Greta Garbo while Greta was on a visit to her homeland. This, however, was abruptly ended by a royal command from the Palace, the story goes. Sigvard, who is the second son of the Swedish Crown Prince, has been connected with European pictures for several years as a director for Ufa, working incognito. His bride, an actress in the same studio, is young, pretty, and petite. Another case of movie people furnishing a real-life story to rival any they put on celluloid!

WHEN Philip Merivale, now playing in the Theatre Guild's "Mary of Scotland" opposite Helen Hayes, arrives in Hollywood to join the cast of DeMille's "Cleopatra," it will be his second trip to the movie city, but his first film job. He was summoned westward once before by Fox, but somehow or other they never found a part for him.

And although this striking stage star was recompensed for his time, it made him pretty sore to sit around and let his career mark time!



Virginia Peine Lehmann, young Chicago society woman, was discovered working in films as Virginia Pine. She's been going places with Ronnie Colman.

THELMA TODD'S divorce from Pat DeCicco, which had been expected following her sudden departure from Hollywood on a vacation alone, was granted her in the Los Angeles courts shortly after the split-up. The technical ground of the action was "extreme cruelty." The couple were married in July, 1932, in an elopement to Prescott, Arizona.



John Boles, Gloria Stuart, and Louise Carter talk over the action of a scene for "Beloved" with director Victor Schertzinger, amid the old-fashioned charm of a nineteenth-century set, while members of the technical crew look on, ready to "shoot." The set is faithful to its period in every detail.

My Life Story

Continued from page 34

sweep out the place, start the fires, clean the cuspidors and only the good Lord knows what all else.

The Everyman's Club was what is now known more or less as a mission. It was a place for down-and-outers with no place to go and no money to get there with. I stuck that out for a whole scholastic semester.

Not so long ago I bought a huge brass spittoon for the bar at home. Every time I looked at the thing I'd have to pinch myself and wonder if it could really be I who owned the house and if I wasn't just dreaming—if I wouldn't wake up and find that only the cuspidor was real and it was time to get to work polishing it. The thing gave me the heebie-jeebies and when Hoot Gibson, walking with a cane after his recent airplane crack-up, lost his balance and fell on it one night, telescoping it so it had to be thrown out, I never had a regret.

I think, maybe, some of the hard work I put in as a kid is accountable today for the fact that I feel uncomfortable when people wait on me. I could never go for a houseful of servants such as some stars have and I still feel easier when I do things for myself than when they are done for me. With all the money I've made, I've never had a valet.

Another job I had when I was in school was in a music store in the afternoons. The kids used to drop in there to listen to the latest records and hear the latest song hits played on the piano. Generally they'd get me singing and we'd have a swell time. The proprietor conceived the idea of hiring me and if the kids knew I would be on hand every afternoon to sing, it would draw a crowd and the store's sales would go up. At least, that was the thought when they hired me.

Being strictly business, myself, I asked how much I was to get. The answer was pretty indefinite—something to the effect that they'd let me know later. Every time I went to work, every night when I left, and as often in between times as I could catch the proprietor's ear, I'd pester him to find out about my salary. At the end of a week I'd driven the man nearly to distraction and he tied the can to me. I still haven't been paid for that week's labor!

But I had my revenge. The proprietor of that store also owned the Liberty, the largest movie house in Spokane at the time. Years later, when I was en route to Chicago with Al Rinker to join Whiteman's orchestra, we stopped off in Spokane and this same man engaged us for a week's appearance at his theatre. He paid us many, many times the modest stipend he'd have had to part with to have kept me on in his store after school in the afternoons. And what's more, he laid the cash on the line the second time.

Coming back to girls again—and who doesn't? It was when I was out here the first time that I began paying any attention to them.

I chased around with a few of them but there was never anything more serious with any of them than there had been with those at home. How I ever get the reputation I had of being a roué and Lothario is something neither Dixie nor I can understand.

The objections Dixie's parents had to me before our marriage (all removed since they've got to know me), and that her studio had to her association with me were all founded on nothing more than hearsay, and I swear a gross injustice was done me.

Why, I went with Dixie for over three months before I ever even kissed her!

Hollywood Hair Styles go romantic!

Becoming? Yes . . . but not if your hair
is **TOO OILY** or **TOO DRY**



A brilliant new star in the Hollywood galaxy revived this womanly style from the days of hoop skirts and loving hearts. But it looks far from romantic if you try it with oily, stringy locks. To correct over-oily hair, use the Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment given below.



Another version of the "back to charm" movement is this coiffure of a first magnitude star. Brittle, wispy, fly-away hair will not cuddle into waves and curls of such alluring tenderness. If your hair is too dry, give it regularly the Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment suggested in this column.

To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair



Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair



Girls I'd never even had a date with used to tell other girls I only went with a girl for one thing. It's a lie! And even if it had been true, I sure got cheated. They kept me singing so constantly there wasn't even time for ordinary conversation, let alone all the groundwork that has to be laid preparatory to approaching more serious topics.

Dixie still kids me about my "Good News" girls. When I was in New York once I went with two of the principals in the company—at different times—and Dixie was understudying one of them. But I never met her then.

After the first one and I had split, I started going with the second. I used to make dates with her, get out with some fellows, have a few highballs and forget all about my engagement. Late in the evening she would 'phone Dixie and say, "What do you know about that Crosby? He's stood me up again—the dirty so-and-so. He must think he's God's gift to women."

Well, it was nothing like that, I assure you. I was nobody then and wasn't in a position to impress anyone with my importance, even if I'd wanted to. It's simply that I have a one-track mind and when I was out with men having a good time, I'd just forget about everything else.

It wasn't until after Dixie had got a contract with Fox and been in Hollywood for a year and a half, and until I came out here with Whiteman to make "The King of Jazz" that we met. And our meeting is another illustration of the reputation I had and of the unwarranted blemishes cast upon my name.

She had been going around for almost a year with a boy named Raymond Keane. I knew him, too. I told him I'd like to meet her. And she, remembering how I'd treated her pal in "Good News," wanted to meet me and take me down a peg or two. For a long time Ray refused to introduce us, telling her I was no kind of a guy for a nice girl to be going around with. But we were both persistent.

Finally he said he would introduce us but if she ever had a date with me that would be the last she'd ever seen of him. One night he 'phoned her when she had been working late at the studio and asked her to dress and go over to the Grove with him. She said she was too tired. So then he said it was going to be a party and I was going to be there. Dixie got dressed and came on over.

Call it love at first sight or anything else you like—we paid no attention to anybody else from the moment we met and neither of us has ever heard a word from Ray from that day to this!

I hadn't talked to Dixie an hour before I knew there would never be any other girl for me but her. I don't know yet if she felt the same way but I do know that the Barque of Love experienced plenty of "Stormy Weather" before it carried us to the Bureau of Marriage Licenses.

I've been so busy telling about my love life that I seem to have got entirely away from my life story. That's been told so many, many times, in one form or another, I can't believe anyone could be interested in reading it again. The editor, being adamant and insisting that, as a life story, my struggles have a place here, I'll have to give in and touch briefly on them. I'll make it as concise as possible, however, so as not to bore you.

When I had finished Gonzaga College, I organized a little five piece jazz orchestra. We bought the records of all the big orchestras, copied their arrangements note for note, and managed to add a few hot licks of our own. We played summer resorts around Spokane for a couple of years and in the winter managed to get most of the dance engagements in town for private



Jean Harlow, latest to join the lengthy list of Crosby enthusiasts, gives Bing's autographed picture a favored place in her gallery. How would you like to see Harlow and Crosby co-starred in a picture?

parties and other small social affairs.

Then Al Rinker and I were engaged to appear at one of the local movie houses. We had our engagement extended any number of times but finally even loyal old Spokane became fed up with us and it was necessary for us to seek new fields of endeavor.

Mother didn't put up as much of a squawk over my leaving home as I had anticipated—and feared. I suppose heart-strings are something like rubber. When they've been stretched and tugged at enough, they lose some of their elasticity.

I knew when Ted left home the first time to go with the Associated Press in San Francisco she was all but prostrated. Then Ted got homesick and wanted to throw up his job down there. She wouldn't let him for fear people would think he had failed. Then the older boys went into the World War. I don't think she minded that so much because the boys had gone and come back so quickly from the Mexican trouble. She probably didn't realize how serious the World War was going to be.

At any rate, by the time I left home for good, her heart-strings had been pretty well stretched and she had more or less got used to home-comings and departures. So she contented herself with making me promise to be "a good boy" and asking me always to let her know direct anything of importance that happened to me—not make her hear it from outsiders. That is one promise I've always tried to keep.

Once, after we had been down here in Los Angeles quite a while, she went to one of her sewing circles and one of the ladies, with studied carelessness, said, "Jerry Blank tells me Bing is engaged."

I think most mothers, under the circumstances, might have tried to save their face and either pretended to know about it or have deprecatingly remarked, "Oh, it's nothing serious—just a boy-and-girl affair." I will say for mother she had confidence in me. She said, "I hadn't heard about it and

I don't believe it's true or Harry would have told me."

When she reached home she wrote me about it and I wrote back, "When I'm engaged you won't have to learn about it from any Jerry Blank." And that was that.

When I met Dixie I told mother immediately that I had met a girl in whom I was seriously interested and she knew beforehand when we were going to be married.

Well, anyhow, we got down to Los Angeles, almost starved for a while, and finally were booked into a few theatres. We were playing the Metropolitan (now the Los Angeles Paramount), when Paul Whiteman saw us and engaged us. We remained with him two or three years, during which time we came out here with him to make "The King of Jazz," his famous talkie.

The wine in California is redder than anywhere else, the primrose path looks more inviting, the golf is better and the people more hospitable—if you have any personality—and what with one thing and another, we just never got around to working up any new numbers. And people were beginning to weary just a mite of hearing us sing "Mississippi Mud."

Whiteman called us on the carpet when he was about ready to leave, told us if we wanted to stay with him we'd have to change our ways and take a salary cut until we had made ourselves as valuable to his organization as we had been when we arrived in Sunny California.

We had a conference, bade him a polite and unregretful farewell, and shortly thereafter "The Three Rhythm Boys" made their bow at the Cocoanut Grove.

Next month, if the editor takes up her option for another installment, I'll tell you all that's happened since I "got up in the dough."

(Editor's Note: The option is hereby taken up, so watch for the third chapter of Bing Crosby's Life Story in the next issue.)

Screen Star "Roughs It"

Continued from page 30

complaints registered. I had learned a lesson.

Not long ago my husband and I went over into Death Valley on a camping trip. We took along our tent and cots and a minimum of equipment and had the time of our lives really roughing it. And when we came back I went directly into a picture after only two days of preparation.

I felt better because of the trip and I think I looked better when I got back to the camera as well. Since that first fishing trip made against the advice of the casting director, I've learned a lot about taking care of myself when I "rough it."

Your hair and your hands are most apt to be damaged when you say goodbye to beauty parlors and start out for a few weeks in the desert or the mountains. If you take the proper care of your face it will come back actually improved in appearance. It's the hair and the hands you have to watch most closely.

Before we leave Hollywood for any considerable stay in "camp" I mix olive oil and kerosene, half each, and fill a good-sized bottle with this mixture.

While on the trip I rub this thoroughly into my hair and scalp each night before retiring. The desert sun and the mountain winds dry the hair out and bleach it past recognition unless you do something like this to preserve it. Then I brush my hair thoroughly once each day. When I get back I have the head shampooed and the hair curled and it comes out healthier than it was when I left. The rest from too much fancy treatment does it good.

Another thing I do before leaving civilization is to have my nails manicured as short as possible. I save old gloves all year for just such occasions and I wear them most of the time on such a trip. But if your nails are short to start with the danger of breaking and tearing them is much lessened.

The first day out I keep daubing my nose with coconut oil. After that it just tans and doesn't blister. Each night I rub olive oil on my face and then take a spoonful of common salt and rub it over my face and neck as strenuously as I can stand it. It smarts and tingles but the oil keeps the skin lubricated and the salt acts as a circulation builder as well as an astringent. It makes you feel as though you had just come out of the ocean. It gives your face that "tight" feeling. Then I wash the salt off with cold water and rub my face hard with a rough towel. It sounds strenuous, but it's not so bad, once you're used to it.

I use lipstick all the time I am out in the open, and some mascara. The lipstick keeps your lips from drying and cracking and the mascara is the one concession I make to appearance. At night I rub pure castor oil around my eyes. It smooths out the wrinkles you get from squinting in the bright sun during the day.

With these precautions you can dare to be comfortable while on a trip. I don't wear a hat unless I want to, because the kerosene and oil protect my hair. I don't worry about my nose or my neck or my face. So I can have all the fun I want.

My only advice to anyone trying these things is that they keep away from all mirrors for the first day or two. When you're used to seeing your face powdered and rouged, it's a shock to see it the first few days on a trip of this kind, all shiny and pale. But the natural color soon comes through and the shine wears off to become a natural sheen and the first thing you

NUMBER THIRTEEN IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY EMINENT WOMEN PHYSICIANS

"The trouble, Madame, is not with your heart...but in your head!"



IMAGINARY FEARS RACED CONSTANTLY THROUGH THIS PATIENT'S MIND
AND ALL BECAUSE OF THE LACK OF PROPER MARRIAGE HYGIENE



Dr. Helene Stourzh has a large private practice in Vienna. She holds rank as one of the most distinguished gynecologists of Austria.

marriage hygiene is the "Lysol" method. "Lysol" antiseptic, in proper dilution, used as a hygienic measure regularly, is perfect for this purpose."

(Signed) DR. HELENE STOURZH

"'Doctor... it's heart trouble'... these were her first grim words as she walked in.

"And she followed with the most convincing list of symptoms I ever heard. It was all imagined; a neurosis brought on by fear. She had a perfect heart!

"'The trouble, madame,' I said, 'is not with your heart but in your head.'

"Many married women are like this. Some slight feminine irregularity throws them into panic; panic may bring on physical symptoms. But knowledge of the proper method of marriage hygiene replaces fear with peace of mind. And with peace of mind the symptoms vanish.

"The best and simplest technique of

"Lysol" is indeed the perfect antiseptic for marriage hygiene. It destroys germs, even in the presence of organic matter, pursues them into hidden folds of the feminine membranes. Yet it is gentle, soothing—never irritating in effect. That it is used as an antiseptic in childbirth proves it safe and mild enough for even the most sensitive feminine membranes.

"Lysol" kills germs. No other antiseptic has such universal acceptance. Leading physicians all over the world have preferred it for forty years. Whenever they must be sure they turn to "Lysol."

To married women, the use of "Lysol" assures perfect cleanliness, a refreshing sense of well-being.

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Let "Lysol" guard the family health
Doctors order "Lysol" in cases of mumps, measles, diphtheria. Also as protection against influenza, tonsillitis, grippe, common colds. Disinfect clothing (especially handkerchiefs) and rooms with "Lysol" after every illness.



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Mail coupon for a copy of our interesting brochure—"Marriage Hygiene." Check other booklets if desired.

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"HALL OF FAME" on the air Sunday nights—10:30 E. S. T....WEAF and N. B. C. coast-to-coast hook-up

I wish

somebody
would
tell
her!



"ISN'T it a shame? There's a girl who has 'come hither' if I ever saw one. But it becomes 'go thither' after a minute in her presence. Why doesn't some kind girl friend put her wise?"

The surprising thing is that there still are girls and women—attractive ones, too—who need to be told that soap and water cannot keep their underarms free from that ugly odor of perspiration which refined people hate.

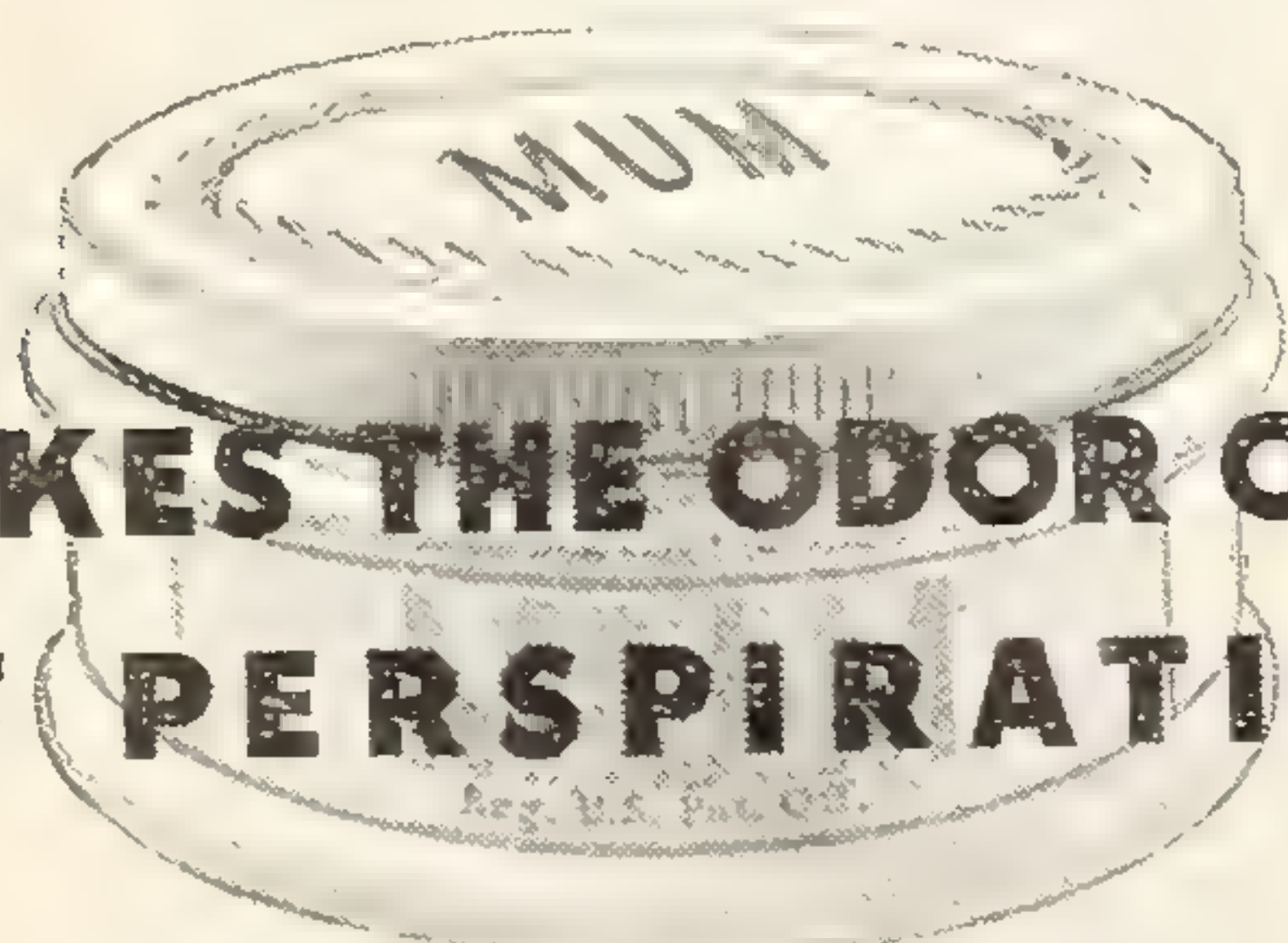
Smart girls who prize their popularity know that the *quick*, the *easy*, the *sure* way to keep their underarms always fresh and odorless, is with Mum.

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. Then you're safe for *all day*. And the instant it's on, slip into your dress. For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can shave your underarms and use Mum immediately.

Don't ever let anybody say you are careless about underarm odor. Use Mum regularly and you'll be safe. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION**



ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO.
Mum is also a wonderful deodorant for this use—guarantees protection from unpleasantness.



know you like the looks of yourself like that. I know because I do!

Of course, you girls all have your own pet preparations which you'll probably take along. For one thing, you may not want to "go native" as completely as I do; for another, your best cold cream or hair lotion or astringent will come in pretty handy and far be it from Blondell to tell you to leave your beauty kit at home. Didn't I admit I never travel without my beloved mascara and lipstick? Girls will be girls, and why not, say I!

When we go camping or fishing I wear trousers and heavy boots. We use cots rather than sleeping bags because they are more comfortable. A portable canvas bathtub is a luxury that is really worth what it costs but it is perfectly possible to bathe in a bucket.

You wait until it's dark and build a fire about six feet in front of the tent door.

When this has dwindled to a bed of coals there should be plenty of hot water. You put the little tub, or the bucket, inside the tent, which is warm by then, and fill it with warm water. Then you post your husband or girl friend as sentinel between the nearest road and yourself and step into the bucket! That's real luxury on a camping trip.

But if you're in the mountains and have a cold mountain stream—and the necessary courage—there is nothing better for you than a dip in that. I'm not insisting on that because it does take courage.

The outdoors and the exercise take care of the surplus poundage you might otherwise take on because of your appetite. You come back to civilization such a different person, you hardly know yourself.

Let's take a tent and a frying pan and a bottle of kerosene and olive oil and have some real fun. Let's go fishing!

"I'm Proud to Be Lee Tracy's Girl Friend"

Continued from page 25

wanderlust. He has never desired a regular home, you know.

"I wouldn't tie him down. Beverly society doesn't lure me, and I shall be content to go wherever he wants.

"Repeatedly the chatter-writers have stated we are secretly married. Again I deny it. Why on earth should I want to be mysterious? I shall be so proud to be Mrs. Tracy that I'll ask all the reporters to our wedding! Neither of us has ever married and we both look forward to marriage as a significant event in our lives. When I've accomplished what I've set out to do, there'll be no more delay."

I hope Isabel's explanation has not appeared selfish, for she is anything but that. Yet her determination to sail under her own colors is a surprise when you meet her. She is so tiny and so very feminine. Most of her screen rôles have been humorous or slightly hard-boiled. In reality she has a better background than many of our Hollywood "ladies."

Her father was a country surgeon in Soshone, Wyoming, a man who was much beloved by the people to whom he devoted his life. Isabel, an only child, was sent to an exclusive girls' school when she was ten. St. Mary's Hall, the Episcopal school at Faribault, Minnesota, remembers her with pride. She was president of her senior class and graduated with the highest honors.

Even in her early 'teens she dreamed of Broadway. But she acceded to her parents' wishes and went to college. Her mother had been a Kentucky belle, so Isabel enrolled at Hamilton College for Girls in Lexington. She kept up her straight-A average there, also, and tutored Latin in her spare time.

"After my freshman year I made up my mind I might as well start on the career I planned." The Dean of Women at the college encouraged her. Isabel says the dean, next to her own mother, has been her best woman friend. "I went to Chicago and got a job in stock. Soon I learned an ingénue was needed by a stock company in Lincoln, Nebraska. I took a chance that I would fill the bill." She did, for an eighty-seven week run!

"I was blue-eyed and blonde and small, so I was a typical ingénue until they needed someone to step into a sophisticated, older part. From then on I did more emotional things." Three years of stock and Isabel was ready to take on Broadway. But as

the song puts it, Broadway apparently could do without her. She had tough sledding.

"There were weeks when I had barely enough money to live on. I wouldn't write home for help, because I'd supported myself since leaving college." She managed to struggle through, despite having chosen the Spring after the Wall Street crash to tackle New York!

She landed a lead which, after lengthy rehearsals and a try-out out of town, folded before its Broadway début. She accepted an offer for stock leads in Connecticut, planning to stay four weeks and staying twelve. The day she returned to New York her Broadway break miraculously was thrust upon her.

"Up Pops the Devil," a successful play, was in dire straits. The heroine had suddenly taken ill and the understudy was inefficient. Isabel heard of the predicament through an agent. She went to the theatre at 5 p.m., rehearsed the leading rôle for an hour, and went on that evening and didn't miss a single line!

Incidentally, Roger Pryor, now at Universal, was the hero of that show. Isabel, so well trained by stock engagements, finished the run of the play.

"I met Lee in October, 1931," she relates. "He was to star in 'Louder, Please,' and they were casting. I tried for the part of the movie siren. The director had his heart set on a tall, willowy type." Lee argued in vain for Isabel, and decided to ask her to lunch when she was rejected. She says it was love at first sight for her, and he confesses he felt that "magic" the minute he glimpsed her.

"I got a good part a few weeks later in 'Blessed Event.' Lee's work in 'Louder, Please' won him a Hollywood bid from Warners. When they bought the show I was in, I was delighted to hear they wanted me to come to Hollywood for the picture version with James Cagney. I'd missed Lee horribly.

"You can visualize my joy when I got as far as Chicago and received a wire from Lee telling me that Cagney had walked out on the picture and he'd been assigned it!" Coincidence thus threw Isabel and Lee together in the West as in the East, only now it was a reunion.

The longest, most disheartening period in her life inexplicably followed the completion of "Blessed Event" at Warners. Although acclaimed for her splendid por-

trayal of a difficult emotional rôle, she was without a job for the next nine months!

"Compared to Hollywood standards, I'm no raving beauty. I didn't photograph well. Every day I'd plan to return to New York. Lee was the only one who cheered me up. He kept repeating, 'Honey, one of these days some of these studios will get wise!' I was completely discouraged."

Fox eventually gave her a small emotional rôle in "Bondage." She again displayed undoubted ability. But it was the Hollywood stage production of "Counsellor-at-Law" which renewed the impetus of her lagging career. Her fast-talking, gum-chewing telephone operator was so outstanding that she was cast in several good parts at M-G-M. Care was taken in photographing her and she was rewarded with a long-term contract.

Isabel's dream is to do sympathetic emotional rôles such as Helen Hayes does so wonderfully. "After 'Blessed Event' Hollywood thought of me as a weeping willow. After 'Counsellor' was released I was just a comedienne." Naturally, her extensive experience in stock encompassed all varieties of parts.

This girl-friend of Lee Tracy lives conservatively. "I've been without work and I wouldn't dream of being extravagant." Her mother and father have moved to Hollywood, and the one cloud in her present life is the misfortune which has come to her father. He gave so much of his time and effort to his surgery that his eyesight has been seriously impaired.

Isabel and Lee believe in in-laws getting along. He is as fond of her parents as they are of him. And his mother, who lives in the East, has given her blessing to their match.

A few words about the tremendous loyalty Lee's fans have expressed might logically be included here. I have picked out letters in his mail at random and have yet to find one condemning him. The public, having learned that he was "fired" without ever being asked for his version of the Mexican "balcony scene," has realized that Lee was the victim of an erroneous newspaper report.

I once analyzed Lee as "the star Hollywood can't scare." He is still undaunted by the superficial, silly traditions of the movie town. But I now note there is one thing he does fear. That is—the loss of his good standing with the fans.

He rejected two big vaudeville contracts. One was for \$3,500 weekly on a ten-week guarantee, and the other for four weeks at twice that sum. He declined because he would not run away from Hollywood. Universal, recognizing his popularity, brings him back to us as the star of "Where's Brown?"

"To do personal appearances would have been to cash in on that notoriety. I have spent fifteen years building my career and I wouldn't let down those who like me. I was foolish down there in Mexico City; yes. But everyone knows by now that my actions were 'grossly exaggerated,' as Mark Twain would have phrased it. The one consolation is that I learned who my real friends are."

Chins up, both Lee and Isabel are absorbed in their careers this Spring. Out of "office hours" they are whole-heartedly in love. "I am concentrating on getting somewhere in pictures this year so we can marry," Isabel said to me in parting. So while you are welcoming the prodigal son back, give the girl-friend a hand so she'll give in and make him happy!

P.S.: Thanks, Isabel Jewell, for letting me give the fans the "exclusive inside story" on you two. I have not embellished what you told me, because there is no hokum about the Tracy-Jewell love. I'm proud of your confidence, and prouder still of Lee's good taste!

They called Her "OLD MAID.."

she's **MRS.** now!



Lipstick that intensifies natural color brings the beauty men admire

LIKE all fastidious women, she refused to look painted. But for a while, she made the mistake of using *no* lipstick... with the result that her lips were pale, old-maidish.

Every woman should avoid a conspicuous painted look. Yet you don't need to go to the opposite extreme and do *without* lipstick. For it is now possible to give lips the youthful color men admire without risking a painted appearance. Tangee Lipstick does the trick. It contains a magic color-change principle that intensifies your natural rose coloring!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes on your lips... takes on the one shade of rose most becoming to *your* coloring... the natural shade for you! Tangee becomes a very part of you, instead of a greasy coating, hence is longer-lasting than ordinary lipstick.

Moreover, Tangee is made with a special cream base that soothes and softens lips while

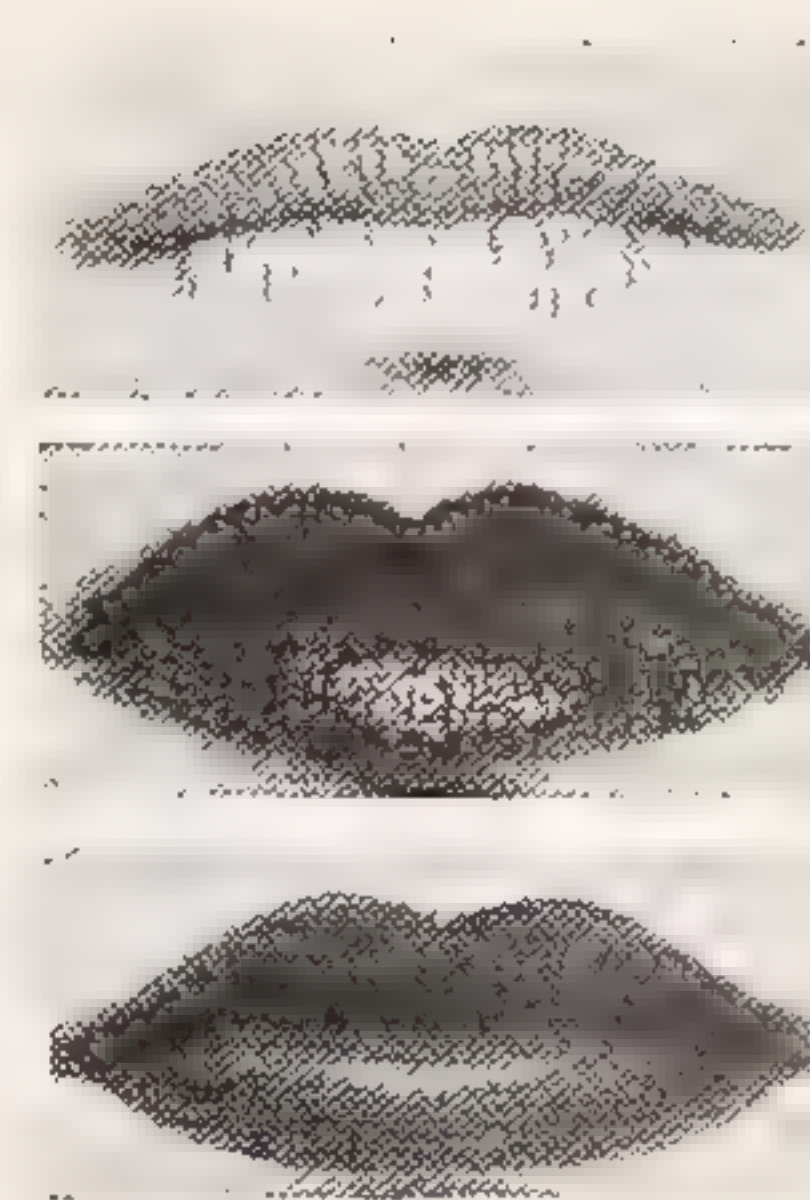
it adds to their allure. No drying, cracking or chapping when you use Tangee. No paint spots on teeth or handkerchiefs either. Get Tangee today—39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. On sale in drug and department stores.

Or send 10¢ with coupon for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



New—Tangee Face Powder gives skin a soft underglow. Contains the magic color-change principle. Prevents powdery, mask-like effect.



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Insist upon Tangee.
And patronize the
store that gives you
what you ask for.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET—10¢

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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin).

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Ricardo and Christine Cortez Tell Their Love Story

Continued from page 26



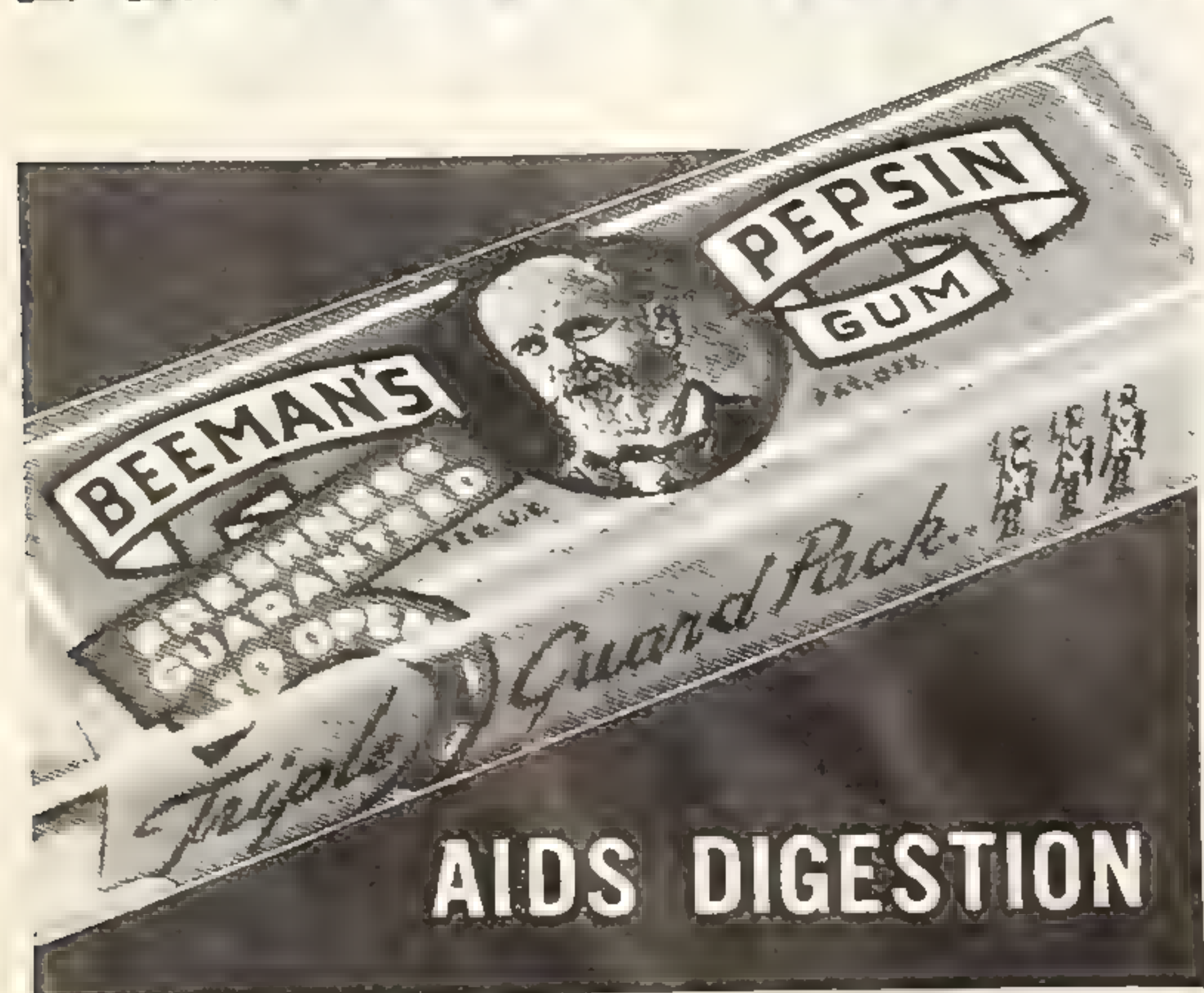
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all records!*

DIVE FROM SKYSCRAPERS! Ride Niagara Falls! Swim the Hellespont! Nothing seems out of reach, you laugh at obstacles, when digestion is good.

Let Beeman's help keep your digestion orderly, your disposition gay, your spirits elated. For Beeman's does aid digestion.

And nothing so beneficial was ever more delicious! The flavor—cool, fragrant, and refreshing. Its freshness unequalled—for the new airtight wrap triply guards every bit of its original quality. Chew Beeman's often—start today!

Chew
**BEE MAN'S
PEPSIN GUM**



day, 'Ric, you don't like to run around; you should have a home. Why don't you marry?'

"I would in a minute," I told him, 'if I could find the right girl. I don't want to marry an actress. I know what it means having two careers under the same roof.'

"I did know. But aside from my past experience and aside from the fact that I'm an old pipe-and-slipper man from the West, consider any case. The marriage of two players might start out beautifully, but something always turns up. They work on different schedules—when one is free, the

Christine had come to Hollywood for a ten-day vacation to seek forgetfulness after obtaining a divorce in the East. The party was given by friends of the people with whom she was stopping so naturally she was invited. Ric, at first glance, gravitated to her side. She is not the usual Hollywood glamorous beauty. Christine is one of those women who do not need glamor—she has charm. She has small features, white skin, wide, frank blue eyes, a frequent smile and an easy natural manner. She's the sort of woman "a big pipe-and-slipper man" would immediately seek out.



Here's a new study of the lovely Madeline Carroll, English actress who is exciting much admiration during her present stay in Hollywood. If you fall for her hard enough, (and we hope you do!), she'll remain with us.

other is busy. Suppose the wife plans an important dinner party with important people and the husband comes in late, tired from making a scene over twenty times. He doesn't feel like being hospitable—he wants to go to sleep for he has to get up at six the next morning. Or suppose the wife makes more money than the husband. She's sweet about it and says 'We'll take a small house and supposedly live on your income, but I'll pay my half.' They do this but the day is sure to come when she sees her best friend in a new and expensive car. She goes to the dealer and looks it over. She tells her husband she wants one too. 'I'd love you to have it,' he says, 'but, darling, you know we can't afford it.' Maybe she doesn't say any more then, but later—in a day or a month—she says, 'If you can't buy it for me I can buy it myself'—and that's how the rift starts.

"No, I didn't want to marry an actress. I wanted a wife to whom I could come home and say, 'Darling, I've had a hellish day at the studio,' and she'd listen, sympathize, and laugh my troubles away. One who wanted a home and children as I do. I never dreamed I'd find her, but thank God I have!"

Strange to say, Ric and Christine met at a Hollywood party. Ric had thought of refusing the invitation. He didn't like parties, but he had the doldrums and he thought it might get him out of them.

Ricardo and Christine began exchanging confidences almost immediately. They look back on their first conversation and laugh now, as well they might. For they discussed marriage! Christine said quite definitely that she had had enough unhappiness for two more years at least. Ric said he didn't mind marriage, in fact, he wanted it, but he couldn't find the right girl. They were both very serious, but Christine, although she is a woman, is uncommonly honest, and admitted to me that she was terribly attracted by Ric even then. She thought him far better looking off the screen than on, and remembering the nice things that had been said about the way he behaved himself, she wasn't sure but that she liked him already. Ric kept telling me what a sweet girl he had thought her, that evening, so I guess the feeling was mutual.

At any rate, they had their first "date" about a week later when he took her to a party at Pickfair. More and more they discovered that they had the same ideas about life, that they liked the same things.

Their next date was on the golf course. "I had been proud of my game," Christine laughed, "and I had told Ric about all the golf I played. But when I began to play with him I was terrible. At first, when he didn't know me so well, he used to excuse me by saying, 'Oh, everyone has an off day,' but when we got to know each other better he'd say, 'Don't tell me you ever

played golf before.' I believe he thought I'd been bragging—but I hadn't, really. That's what love did to me!

"It got so that we'd have dinner together every night, and gradually my ten-day vacation in Hollywood spun itself out into weeks. All the time Ric was working. I'd see him a short while in the evening and then send him home to bed."

Incidentally that was one of the things that decided Ric about Christine. "She was so sensible," he said, "she didn't just think of her own pleasure as many another woman would have done and insisted upon going dancing until all hours. She'd say, 'Six o'clock alarm for you tomorrow. Go to bed!' She looked after me."

"Ah!" I interpolated. "Did you like the maternal instinct?"

Ric laughed and replied, "I'll answer that by saying all men are boys."

They found in each other all they had missed in a first marriage. Christine gave him self-effacing understanding while he gave her manly protection. "He was so sweet and thoughtful," she explained. "For the first time a man I loved was worrying over me, telling me not to drive too fast or catch cold, and I discovered I liked that feeling of being taken care of."

As soon as they admitted their love and planned on marriage, they went house-hunting. At first they were going to buy, but Christine with her usual practicality said to Ric, "Why put all that money in a house when you already own one out here? Let's rent one unfurnished, and I'll do it myself."

This is exactly what she did. She had no decorator to carry out her ideas—decorators were too expensive, she thought, and besides she loved working in their future home herself. She used to leave the hotel where she was stopping at eight in the morning and be at the house by eight-thirty. She would work all day, and by the time Ric came from the studio she was too tired even to dress for dinner, so they'd go to some little restaurant where she could wear "any old thing" and talk about the house. Christine liked Ric's questions—he had left everything to her, but they definitely showed how deep his interest was.

"Our house is English style with ten rooms, a terrace and a garden," she told me. "The living room is two stories high and I did it in brown red and white. Upstairs there are three bedrooms and a living room with comfortable chairs and old prints. Ric adores that living room. In fact, he's got a favorite chair, and when anyone else sits in it, he chases them!"

"I must tell you about our wedding and honeymoon. Ricardo arranged all the details of the ceremony—got the judge and the couple that stood up for us and our tickets to Arizona, and only told me about it the night before at a dinner party. It was pretty hard to keep casual then when everyone was asking when we were getting married. Ric said, 'Oh, sometime soon, when I can get away from the studio.' And all the time I kept thinking of those tickets in his pocket and our plans that he had just told me about as a surprise!"

After the ceremony, telegrams kept pouring in. The ones from the studio all reminded Ric in one way or another that he was due back in two days. So the newlyweds thought they'd have a short honeymoon in Santa Barbara. They arrived when it was so cold that they were the only ones who came down to dinner that night. Huddled before the log fire in the dining room, Ric said suddenly, "You know, darling, I'm homesick."

"So am I," answered Christine, and back they came to their beloved house in Hollywood. Their friends couldn't believe it but they liked their own hearthstone best. Ric didn't go into the scheduled picture after all, and so the Cortezes came to New York and had the time of their lives. New York

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1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk	1 teaspoon salt ½ cup vinegar 1 teaspoon dry mustard
--	--

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didn't hold any bugaboos for Christine now.

"I believe in our marriage so much," she told me, "that if ever it failed I should never marry again. *Never*. I didn't feel like this even the first time. No matter what we do, Ric and I have fun together, even if it's only sitting before the fire, each of us reading. I think we act as a ballast for each other. Ric is very intense—too much so; but I think I'm getting him out of it. While I'm serious, I don't worry needlessly and I laugh a lot—it's the Irish in me. Ric loves to laugh, too, when he's not too intense over something. Of course we both want children very much. But I'm glad now I didn't have any before."

"Aren't you jealous of the women he makes love to in pictures?"

"No," she answered simply. "When I first knew Ric, I used to watch him work at the studio, but that was before we became serious about our love. Since then

I've never gone near the place. I look upon the studio as his office and I don't think it's wise for a woman to visit her husband when he's working. She only gets in the way. Ric's not just an actor to me anymore—he's the man I love, but as for being jealous—well, I'm just not!"

"You don't have to be," I thought aloud.

When I saw the Cortezes they were celebrating their wedding anniversary in terms of weeks. I bet that now that they are back in their honeymoon house and Ric is being the big pipe-and-slipper man at home, regardless of what villainies his rôles require on the screen, Christine and he are still keeping up the custom. For here are two people who don't care whether Hollywood thinks them sentimental. They're in love and happy and that's the way they expect to remain the rest of their lives—which is the proper ending for any love story, isn't it?

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Continued from page 51

greatest talent is friendship—which is as Sammy would have it.

Sam's life with his beautiful spouse, Lillian Taiz, singer and actress, is a lovely romance. They complement each other perfectly. Oh, a great fellow, this Jaffe. You must know him. And he's an independent rascal. His stint in "The Scarlet Empress" done and in the can, he chuckled off a couple of contracts which were waved under his nose, and stole quietly back to the New York he loves.

So I bearded the beardless Sammy. I wanted to hear his tales of Hollywood—and I wanted a report on Dietrich! As a charter member of the Marlene-For-Me Club, I'd been brooding about the baby-doll. You know, fretting!

It's no news to you that *Unser* Marlene hasn't been so red-hot lately. Her last picture, "The Song of Songs"—which was Sudermann's and not Solomon's—well, you saw it. Then, too, it's a long time between Dietrichs, and new peacherinos bloom out that overnight. Most of all, I think, our darling suffered severely from that sad attack of Pants.

It is probable that in all picture annals no beauteous actress ever made a sourer fumble than *Lieber* Marlene did when she donned breeches. As a publicity gag, it snapped back like a rubber band and popped its inventor on the nose.

True, a lady sporting trousers is a comparatively minor matter, in the light of the world's weight of woe. Just the same, half of our 120,000,000 citizens think such didoes are Gosh-Darned Silly, and the other half believe them subtly Sinful. We Americans believe that Papa should wear the Pants. After all, he always has. And the Pants Business hurt Dietrich no little.

So I fired a barrage of queries at Doctor Jaffe.

"How about Marlene? How about the infamous pants? And is she so charming, or what? Tell me about her on the set!"

"No more pants," said Mr. Jaffe. "At least, not to my knowledge. She's very charming indeed. In 'The Scarlet Empress' she worked like a true trouper. Her friends will be delighted, and she'll make thousands more!"

That was fine for a starter. Marlene's herself again—meaning that one of the most gorgeous females that ever blistered celluloid is back on the rails after a sad skid, delivering beauty to the films!

Sam looked out at the tugboats on the river, but his mind's eye was on the Paramount lot in Hollywood.

"One of the most remarkable things about Dietrich," he said, "is her working relationship with Von Sternberg. It's much more than a *Svengali-Trilby* act. His attitude is one of adoration for, and service to, a great artist. I felt, when they were working together on a scene, that he was forever paying her tribute—that there wasn't the slightest whim of hers that he wouldn't gratify at any cost.

"As for Dietrich, she trusts his artistic judgment implicitly, almost blindly. That's why they are probably the greatest director-actress team that pictures have ever seen. Most actors, taking direction, listen to the boss with one ear and then do it their own way. Some only pretend to listen. Not Marlene. Believing whole-heartedly in her director's picture wisdom, she will do a tiny scene fifty times to achieve perfection in his eyes. And when the last shot is in the box, the result may not be perfection to the critics and the fans, but it is one-hundred percent perfect to Joe Von Sternberg!

"He directs Dietrich entirely in German, calling her anything that enters his mind which ends with the affectionate German diminutive 'chen.' It may be 'Putschen.' Then again, it often sounds like 'Mutschen' or 'Kutschen.' But it is always 'little something-or-other.'

"It's a treat to watch him rehearse her. It's all a lot of tender cajolery.

"'Putschen,' he'll say, 'Setzen—so! Jetzt, bitte—augen recht, augen links! Ah, so! Aber, Putschen, mehr, bitte! So! Danke!' "So they go through it—eyes right, eyes left—until Von Sternberg is satisfied. It may be once or twenty times. He checks the sound, the camera, the lights. Then he signals for a 'take' with his own copyrighted word of command: 'C'MON!'

"And believe me, they all 'c'mon' with everything they've got, when the boss barks



It's always "dog-day" for Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien, lovers of the canine race, when lulls between pictures give Pat time to pursue his hobby. Pat, one of the screen's most prominent Irishmen, seems partial to pups of the Scotch clan.

like a leather lunged football coach!"

"Sam," I said, "you and I know that the true test of a trouper is the attitude of the rest of the company and the crew. How do the boys and girls on the set like Marlene?"

"They all like her, down to the last stooge. She's gracious, kind, and generous. Why, one day I saw Dietrich combing out the curls of her hair-dresser after her own hair had been done.

"And she's an almost tigerish mother. Mad about her daughter Maria, who plays the young *Catherine* in the picture. The only time I saw Dietrich in a tantrum—and it was a pippin—was when the studio school-teacher insisted on cramming facts into the child's head between scenes. Maria has her own governess at home, and Marlene felt the little girl should be allowed to rest between scenes. Dietrich's frenzy scared that school-ma'am out of her algebra!"

I asked Jaffe a question which has long pestered the minds of many Dietrich fans. Is she a genuine artist, or merely a synthetic product of Von Sternberg's whip-lash? His answer had a surprise angle!

"Don't fret—she's an artist, all right. What's more, I think the screen has never made use of her greatest talent. She's a marvelous comedienne and mimic. She can put stitches in the set, imitating other people in the troupe. Some day, if they're wise, they'll let her do a spot of comedy, and she'll startle the world."

Well, she'll certainly diddle old Hall, for one! All these years we've only known her weighted down with earth's sorrows—getting knocked off as a Russian spy, suffering with the cramps of fruitless love, brooding bitterly through hot nights in Morocco. When Marlene makes me howl, I'll believe in Santa Claus.

"And now, Sam, tell me," I said, breathing heavily, "is she *really* so beautiful?"

Jaffe's eyes grew misty, and he looked around to see if the Missus was within earshot.

"Beautiful?" he crooned. "You should see! *Mmmmm!* You wouldn't believe!"

"And those legs, Sam!" I said.

"Like angels!" said Sam.

I was all bucked up! Marlene was doing her stuff, minding Papa Joe, working hard in another great picture. It was the best news I had had in aeons—well, weeks!

Incidentally, you must all come up to Sam's house with me one day soon. He and his wife do an imitation of Von Sternberg directing Dietrich that is a classic of satirical mimicry. It panicked Hollywood parties, and it is now slaughtering New York, group by group. On the stage it would reap a fortune, but Sam and Lily do it for their pals.

When you see Jaffe's *Mad Peter* in "The Scarlet Empress" you will witness something. Young Mr. Fairbanks, in the English-made "Catherine the Great"—(a grand film!)—plays the daffy czar as a beautiful, shapely *Hamlet*—a bit balmy, but certainly not stark crazy. Surely not a guy who never bathed, who played squat-tag with his own servants, who went to bed with his boots on!

Sammy, on the other hand, does *Peter* pretty as much as *Peter* was—that is to say, one hundred percent goofy, net!

You'll want to know this. Sam Jaffe, prince of good fellows, who left Hollywood willingly and with honor, and with the esteem and affection of his fellow camera-slaves. Sam will go back one day—they always do!

Certainly I knew you-all would be glad to know that Marlene Dietrich—loved long since and lost awhile, like the old hymn says—is again at the top of her gorgeous game. I'm sure I was. And NO MORE PANTS!

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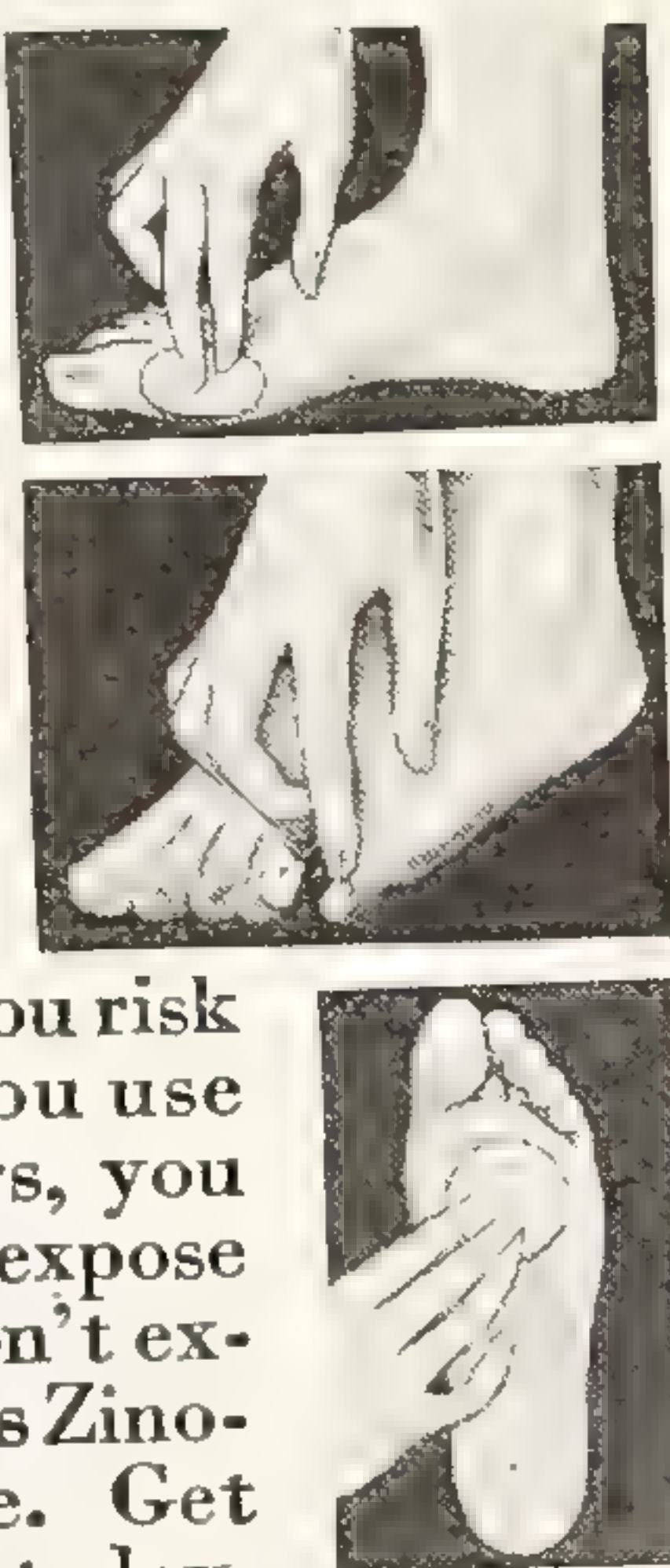


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"If you're drum-majoring in beauty, here's a new bath powder."

WITH a rat-a-tat-tat and a tum-te-de-dum, let me call your attention to something new in the cosmetic parade. It's Drumstick Bath Powder, made by Charbert, and put up in one of the most attractive boxes I've seen in ages. It's like a drum, even to the real string lacings around the sides. Just to show you the kind of effect this box has, it made me want to do my bedroom over in bright blue and red against white walls. (I said it made me want to do it . . . I haven't got around to it yet.) But you'll like looking at this box, even on a pale pink or lavender dressing table, and you'll like using the powder equally well.

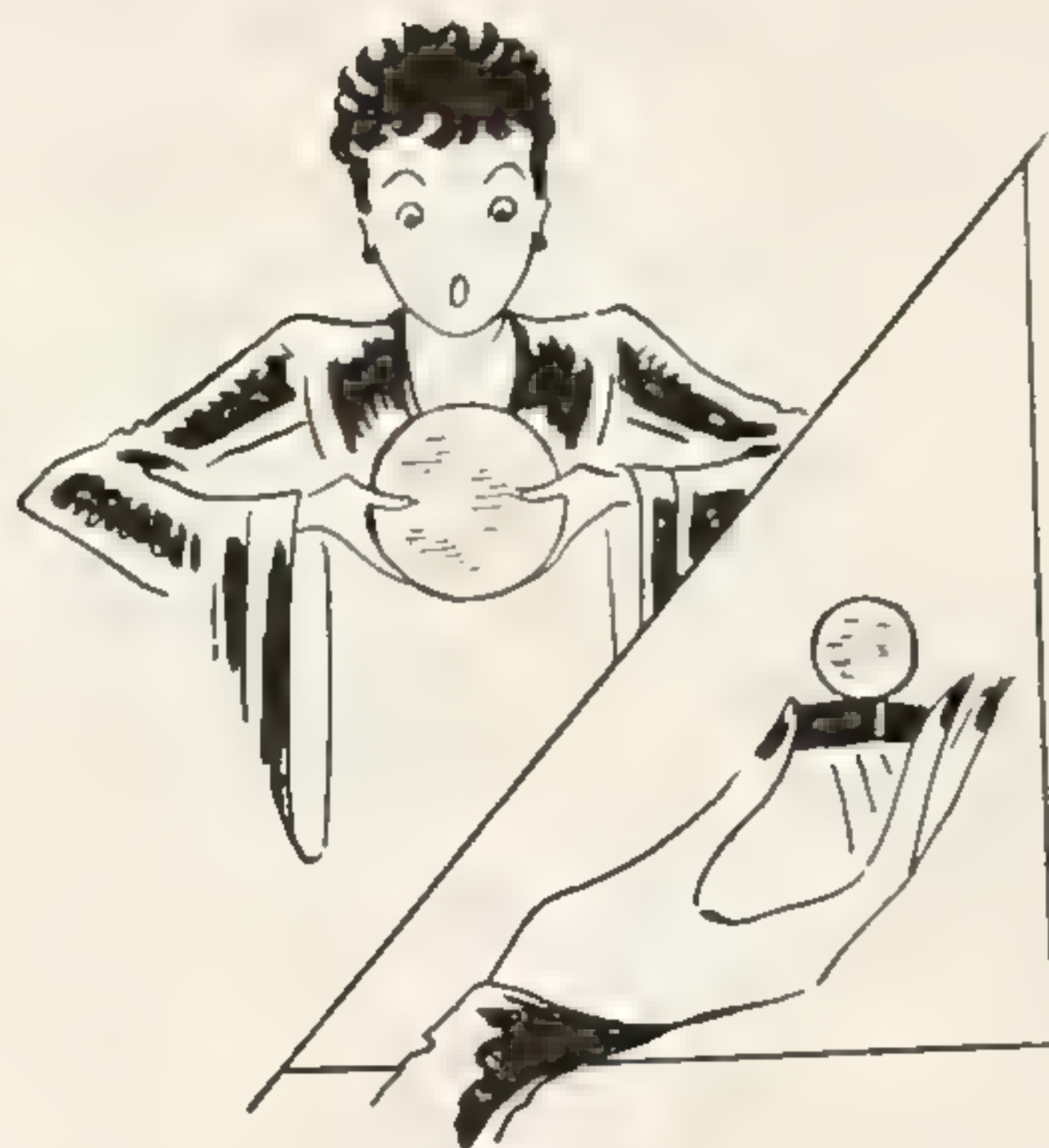
And here's another neat trick of the season, also something new in package designs. (To what ends won't these manufacturers go to intrigue us!) In this case, it happens to be a tiny glass globe which contains Jeurelle perfume. The Parfum Spheres, as they are called, are inverted on small pedestals. All you do is unscrew the sphere, and pick it up. None of the perfume ever spills, but when you touch the lobe of your ear, it leaves a few drops right where you want them. You can have gardenia, freesia, camelia, mimosa, or cyclamen fragrances, or, at the very low price, you can have all five. Then, before going out evenings, just gaze into your crystal globes and search for an answer to your thought—"which fragrance will bring the man into my life tonight?"

And now, here is something that Hollywood didn't start (though I must be wrong, 'cause everything glamorous, dramatic and luring, seems to have been born in that community). It's a new and very ultra fashion of rouging the insides of your

Femi-nisties

The beauty world is so full of a number of things . . .
I'm sure we should all be as lovely as queens!

By Katharine Hartley



"In this crystal, you not only see lovely things, but smell them!"



"Shan-Kar started this dramatic fashion . . . rouge for your palms."



"When is a roll not a roll? When you wear a diaphragm-reducer!"

Skelly is one woman I know who can tell you. Her products are excellent for restoring faces to a youthful, smooth contour. If you're interested, write me, and I'll put you in touch with her.

And speaking of contours—when a roll of flesh around your waist keeps roll-roll-rolling—and a girdle only makes it worse—then what you need is a diaphragm-reducing brassiere. Yes, and I'm not making that up, for there is such a thing, made by Perfolastic. It's perforated for coolness and comfort, and long enough to fit well

palms—oh, very lightly, because it would be horrible if you "layed it on too thickly." Shan-Kar, the interesting Hindu dancer, who has been holding audiences spellbound, really started it. He and his Hindu dancing girls not only rouge the insides of their hands, but also the bottoms of their feet—but the latter, of course, has nothing to do with us. The hand business has, though, if you want to give your hands dramatic interest, and a very, very white look on top, by contrast. Also the rouge ties up very nicely with the red of the finger nails. Harriet Hubbard Ayer is sponsoring this fashion, and recommends her very excellent liquid rouge, called La Belle Coquette, for the purpose.

But do let's get down to something practical for a minute. Unfortunately, beauty isn't all a matter of sweet fragrances, powder showers, or even Hindu dancers. Alack and two alas-es, some of us have trouble making our faces follow the upward trend in business. Those lines around the mouth persist in dragging downward, and those furrows around the eyes pull our spirits down with them. And oh, those sagging double chins. However, you don't have to go to a face-lifter to correct this condition. You can make great strides doing this for yourself at home, if you only know how to go about it. And Eunice

swell. Yep, the sound and the cameramen sure liked Shirley!"

A year or so ago Merian Cooper summoned Shirley Burden to Hollywood to transfer his tact and talents for contact work to the R.K.O. lot, where "Coop" could use a willing worker. Soon our young hero was made an associate producer to work directly under his boss.

Now "young Shirley" has one very creditable picture to his credit, "Before Dawn." Another is on its way, "The Sea Girl," the script for which is being written by Gouverneur Morris.

Two of the screen's interesting Gothamites of social prominence are Gifford Cochran and John Krimsky, who brought that poignant picture of German schoolgirl life, "Maedchen in Uniform," to America. Mr. Cochran saw it first in a theatre in Munich where he has an art studio, with his mother, the Princess Chlodwig Hohenlohe-Schillingfurst. They were much impressed. Cochran later told John Krimsky, president of that play-of-the-month company, Playchoice, about it, in Paris. They inquired and found seasoned producers had overlooked this gem. Some telephone calls and an airplane flight to Berlin made it theirs for a song.

"Maedchen" was shown at the Criterion Theatre on Broadway, arousing intense admiration. It has recently been changed into an English-speaking version called "Girls in Uniform," the voices of the players being supplanted by American speakers, by a new method called "Phonetage," found by John Krimsky in Paris last summer.



Frances Dee, as a delightful bride in "Coming Out Party," does more than her bit to make that picture a scenic success. Gene Raymond plays opposite.

Krimsky and Cochran have gone into the production of pictures. They made Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones" in their Long Island studio with Paul Robeson, the negro singer. They are now searching for material of unusual nature, including scripts for George M. Cohan.

Gifford Cochran is a son of the late Gifford Cochran, Sr., financier and turfman. John Krimsky and his younger brother, Jerrold, who is another helpful youth like Shirley Burden, in matters of casting, research, and providing cheerful atmosphere, are the sons of the famous surgeon, Dr. Joseph Krimsky.

Problems always intrigue the sportsman type. Some of these questions which fascinate gilded youths who are playing with picture ideas today are: "How are you going to be able to find pictures that have passed their theatrical life but should be available for private and non-theatrical use?"

An answer to this question Douglas Burden, "Sonny" Whitney, William C. Chanler, Kermit Roosevelt, Marshall Field, DeWitt Sage and a group of friends pertinent to this story have been trying to find out by experiments and investigations.

This group organized the Beacon Film Company several years ago, and are preserving and supplying "Screen Masterpieces" just as a library would books—pictures of unending value such as "Grass," "Chang," "The Silent Enemy," "The Viking," "Tom Sawyer"—and in the future, those like "Little Women," "Alice in Wonderland," "Cavalcade."

This company, with cutting and projection rooms, forms a meeting place for explorers and adventurers back from the far-away, with cans of exposed celluloid under their arms, and making a clearing house of jungle information.

William B. Osgood Field, Jr., one of the more experienced photographers of charming shorts, who has just returned from Soviet Russia; Sherman Pratt, who has specialized in picture subjects of Honduras; Floyd Crosby, also a "Social Registerite," whom Pratt accompanied to Tahiti when he made the lovely "Tabu"; Phelps Dodge, who is an expert on European winter sports; Count Ilya Tolstoi, grandson of the noted Russian novelist, and Otis Barton, snake enthusiast, are some of the young men who may be expected to turn up at Beacon without a moment's notice.

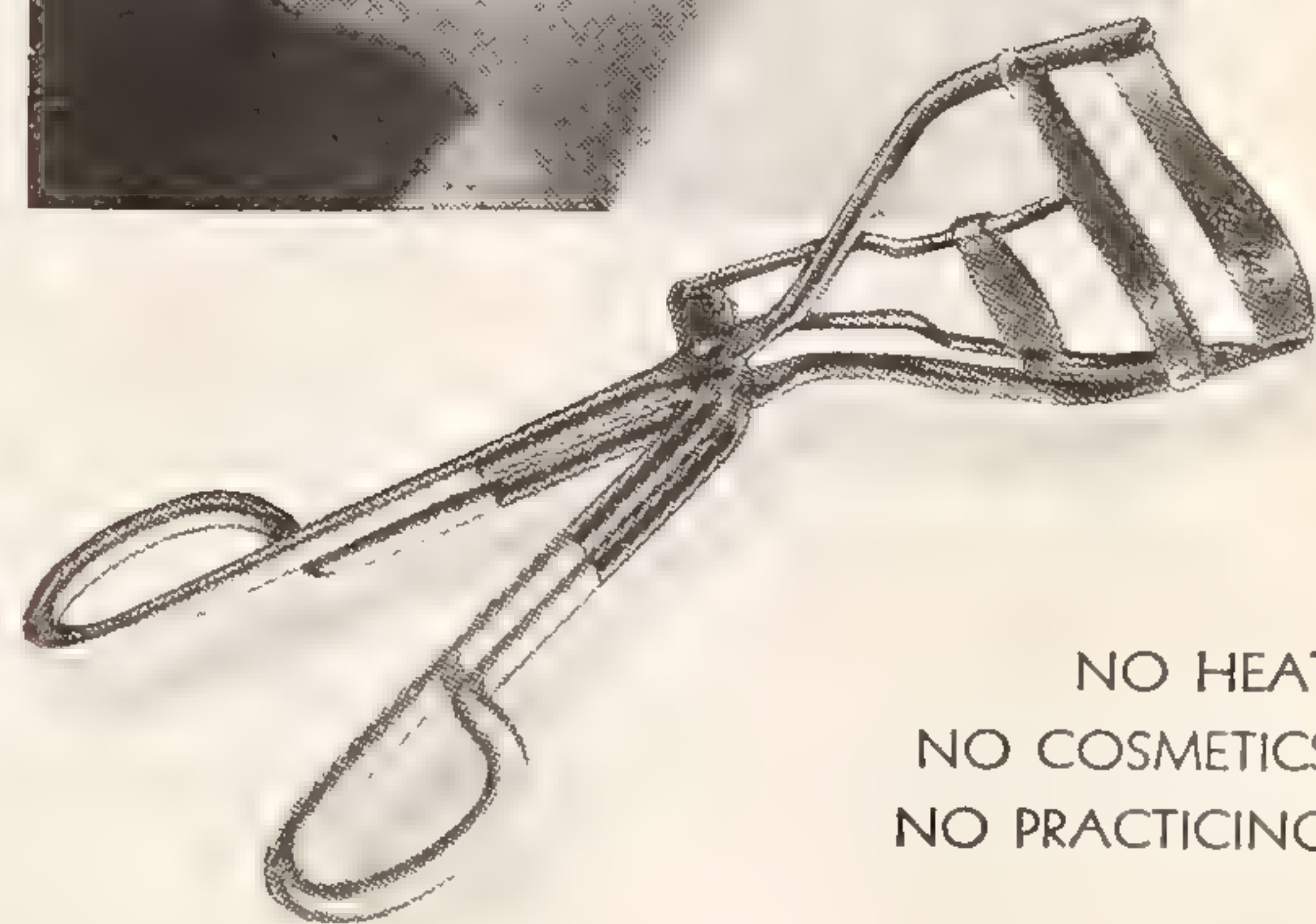
The influx of "Social" young people into the acting side of pictures is increasing, too, with the arrival of such players as Elizabeth Young and John Lodge.

Society women actually associated with the screen are yet few, though Mrs. James A. Burden, recent president of the Colony Club, is on the board of directors of Beacon Films.

As a patron of the arts who has established a museum for the inspiration of American artists, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, the sculptress, has inevitably endowed the screen with future benefactions. So, between "Young Shirley" Burden, and the Whitney cousins, Cooper and the rest, "Society" has begun to invade the films. But to invade them, not for plunder which the word means, but to bring them something. Adoration, tradition, and carefully evaluated appreciation of beauty and the dignity of life. Imagination and inspiring ideas. The screen can and should have more of the deep culture which is preserved and cherished in our great families of wealth and generations of leisured living.

There have been many fine pictures, of late, beautiful, with the civilized point of view. Recent statistics would make it clear that audience standards and demands are rising. The official age of the hypothetical movie patron has been raised from 12 to 14. The cavalcade of culture has begun to move!

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When Gilded Youth Goes Celluloid

Continued from page 68

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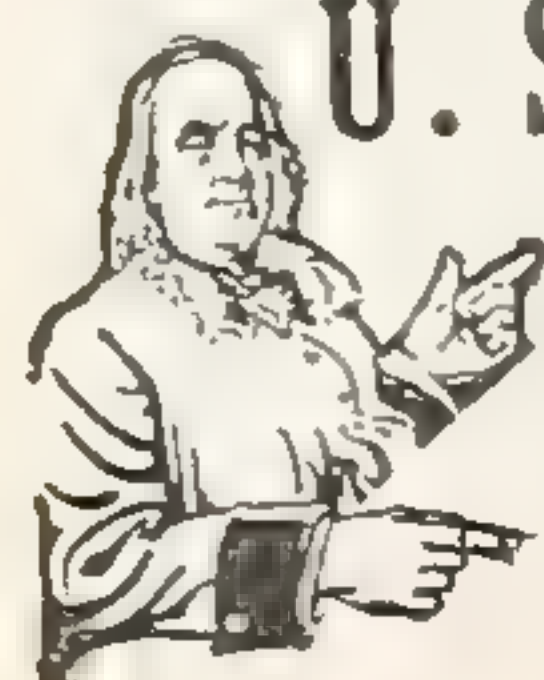
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The Fiske-Compagna idea will be to build up a strong, efficient group of technicians and directorial experts so perfect that they can function under any kind of weather conditions, light, or native idiosyncrasies of character. Then the trained players will be added as needed, either as a permanent group or for individual pictures.

Mr. William Fiske, the Third—who, frankly, is getting a little bit worn with the burden of having a name belonging at the same time to several other gentlemen in the family, it causing a small regiment to rise in answer to a call for one, and eternal mixups with mail—is certainly just the right young man for picking out spots in which to make unusual pictures in authentic settings. Ever since he was 14, he has traveled. Even before that, he went with his parents on journeys from New York to Paris.

He is slight, quiet, well-bred, and so charmingly natural that you feel at once at home with him.

"My first real trip off by myself was when I went to South America," young Mr. Fiske told me. "And I have commuted back and forth between continents ever since."

The way he happened to become interested in making pictures was by meeting Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, at Saint Moritz, where they were both indulging in winter sports. After that they met at various unusual points of the compass, and the plans were that Fiske should go to China to work with Fairbanks on a story giving the colorful history of China from the time of Confucius to today, an idea originated by Mrs. Wellington Koo, the wife of the former Ambassador from China.

Some time ago, however, that idea was abandoned and Mr. Fiske, the Third, and Count Compagna, decided on their "Garbo" program, got together a story on Hawaii, and approached Lois Weber with it. Miss Weber felt much drawn to the thought of directing pictures again and felt that this time was particularly advantageous to the independent producer.

"We want mostly to do stories that are true," he remarked quietly, but with bright eyes. "In every country there are tales and superstitions based on fabulous characters that have some time lived there. There are heroic figures living today in difficult and remote countries, doing great things unheard of in civilized centers."

"The drama of industry reaching into primitive, native life would make the basis of powerful stories of conflict among races. There are situations of injustice far away from civilization, too, which might well be brought to the attention of the world by the screen."

"Our next picture, Count Compagna and I plan to call 'Moro.' It is to be made among Philippine tribesmen who are very war-like and the aristocratic Datu princes who inhabit the southern end of the largest island of the group, 'Mindanao.'"

"But you could not very well take a 'Garbo cast' to a wild country like that," I thought. "The actors would at once 'tank' they go home."

As if he anticipated my thoughts, Mr. Fiske went on: "But, of course, Monte Carlo settings on the spot would be 'authentic,' too. So would those in Rio or Vienna or Nice. Pictures made in Hollywood can never have the same feeling of reality that would inevitably come to them by being made in the actual locales of the story. Or at least that is what we think and what we hope to prove."



Here's a version of "Henry VIII" such as that jovial monarch never dreamed of—but probably would have approved! You'll see it in "George White's Scandals." Cliff Edwards plays the King, and the merry maids are Lucille Walker, Lois Eckhart, Eunice Coleman, Peggy Moseley, Hilda Knight, and Martha Merrill.

"Baby Face" Grows Up

Continued from page 31



As a young soldier in the World War, hero of "All Quiet on the Western Front," Lew Ayres gave a performance which is still remembered.

But, love—!" His tone when he reaches this point indicates the utmost indifference.

"I don't think about love, and I don't want to talk about it!"

Thereupon he endeavors to change the subject, satisfied that you agree with his own conception of himself as a most unromantic soul. He has a terrible inferiority complex when he's asked for his attitude toward women.

It isn't a pose, either. The one fault I can note in Lew is his extraordinary lack of pose. He isn't half theatrical enough for his own good. And, actually, despite his self-analysis, his nature is intensely emotional. I suspect his profound modesty marks him, in feminine eyes, as one of the rarest mortals in conceit-ridden Hollywood.

When I phoned him that I was coming up to his house to make a last stab at getting somewhere on his love-life, he parried hastily, "But I won't say a word about Lola!" There was no listlessness in his voice at that moment.

Not until he and Ginger are definitely sure will these two sweethearts take a serious step. Both have been hurt by unhappy marriages. Both have promising careers which demand the greater part of their time and they realize the usual Hollywood wind-up when the wife is ambitious for herself.

Lew still resides in the same home he rented before his first marriage. It's on a secluded drive back in the Hollywood hills. Unpretentious, it is comfortable, and that's all Lew requires. He does not enter into the film colony's social whirl, so he needs no mansion.

"You behold me at 'tops' today," he greeted me gayly. I was indeed honored, for he was all slicked up. Lew, I must inform you, doesn't give a hoot about clothes and dresses up so seldom that each "gala" appearance is positively news.

We settled ourselves in the living-room

and he led me into a discussion of mutual likes and dislikes. He expressed exceptional enthusiasm for the rhapsody he has composed. When he had two months without an assignment this last Winter, he devoted the better hours of each day to this piece. He anticipates a concert orchestra rendition.

But before I go into other details about Lew, I want to settle this love question. If I doubt his protestations, his statements that he is through with love for quite a spell, past experience is the excuse for my impolite behavior.

(SCREENLAND readers will recall "The Lowdown on Lew and Lola," written shortly after their marriage in the Fall of 1931.)

One week before Lew eloped with the blonde Lola, he solemnly assured me that he and she were merely "good friends." Now Ginger rates the same toga. If I've grown wary, am I to blame? Them's fightin' words to us interviewers, considering the stars who've uttered them and then done us wrong?

Why did he and Lola split?

You may recollect I didn't take too optimistic a stand in that forementioned article. They used to argue violently even before they married, which was hardly the best of starts. The trouble between them eventually climaxed when each refused to let the other be boss. Their wishes were too different.

"The simple life is what I want!" Lew would contend. And he meant exactly that. He desired none of the responsibilities of Hollywood fame. He was, and is, willing to act his head off in front of the cameras. But, away from the studios, he is totally unimpressed by the doings which thrill the average celebrity. Premieres pain him—he's only been to three, and those under protest. Swankiness is an affectation he cannot even pretend to enjoy.

Although Lola retired from the marriage some \$35,000 the richer—that was the amount of the settlement Lew made on her—she was a beneficial influence upon Lew and his career, whether he recognizes the fact or not. It was Lola who persuaded him to dress up some times, to hire a secretary to handle his fan mail, and to be more tractable in his relations with film executives.

Quiet and unassuming as Lew is, his actions have often been as temperamental as, say, Margaret Sullavan's. He displayed comparatively little co-operation on the publicity attendant to stardom. Until Lola altered his viewpoint, he moodily declined to be annoyed by the customary off-screen obligations of a star.

Neither Lew nor Lola will be quoted upon each other. They do not slam in private, nor do they proclaim they are the best of chums. (Thank heaven for their originality!) There's no doubt they were in love, passionately, yet they have too much self-respect to despoil the memory of their "noble experiment."

Personally, I'm depending on Lew's subconscious to march him to the altar with Ginger. The captivating red-head is so much more easy-going than Lola. She isn't making the mistake of trying to make him over, even if it would be for his advancement.

"I don't give a darn for glamor in a girl," Lew confesses to me. His leading ladies, to whom he gives no tumbles, know this is only too true. "Pretty clothes? Oh, certainly, a girl has to be attractive. But I'd go mad if I were married to one of these stars who has to have a perfect

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"Divorce is no joke to me," he went on. "My own father and mother separated when I was just a kid. I remember how ashamed I felt then. Of course, it's so common now it's no crime. But it isn't the right atmosphere to raise a family in, a one-sided household."

Unquestionably there was no encouragement for Lew in his own home when he evinced movie ambitions at an early age.

"I had all the ear-marks of the wildly aspiring fan," he relates. "When I was thirteen my mother moved to San Diego from Minneapolis, where I was born and where my father is a court reporter. That was a help to my youthful way of scheming, as it got me nearer to Hollywood."

"At fifteen I quit school. No, I never went to college as has been said. I didn't finish my high school. Why? Oh, I discovered I was musical, and I began earning so much money playing my banjo at dances that I soon felt too old for classes!" At fifteen his wages averaged \$75 a month.

It took him but three weeks to master the banjo, incidentally. And gradually he played the guitar and sang. He drifted around the border towns, always returning home between jobs. Thrown into rough environments, he passed through this stage without being affected by the life-in-the-raw on every side of him. Because he wouldn't smoke or drink, they dubbed him "Baby-Face."

"When I got older I was ready to buck Hollywood. I tried to get in as an extra. When my money ran out, I took musical jobs. For two months I was the banjoist at the Cocoanut Grove. I was with Harry Halstead's orchestra when the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel opened. I toured in theatre band presentations. My last musical job was at the El Patio Ballroom, in Los Angeles."

"Everyone who encouraged me for pictures said my singing would be my big advantage. And yet I have never been cast in a single musical! Every day I used to do something I thought would help me to get my break. I made out a daily list, and if I wasn't pestering my agent, I was making some kind of a potential contact."

No success ever came more quickly than Lew's when once he had triumphed in "All Quiet on the Western Front." He excelled in that war drama because he was *not* the type who'd go in for blood and thunder. He reacted to the horrible realism so spontaneously that, after two more appropriate vehicles, he was promoted to stardom. This—at twenty-one!

Last December he observed, with considerable dismay, his twenty-fifth birthday. You might presume he is sitting on top of the world. Not to his reasoning. Four years of glory have remunerated him financially, but fame is not sufficient. He doesn't care for the pomp and pretense.

"I don't have any fun in most of my parts," he complains with that Ayres' honesty. "If I could do vital, important rôles, I'd love it. But I have had only three opportunities to characterize." (He refers to "All Quiet," "Doorway to Hell," and "Okay, America.") Routine assignments, being himself, bore him.

Atmosphere is everything to Lew. A skilled director can coax a marvelous performance from him, for his flexibility and keen sensitiveness have been remarked upon by the best critics. Unfortunately, he has frequently been cast in mediocre stories, and when Lew is uninspired he is not apt to rise to heights.

Once he was as particular as Garbo herself about having visitors watch him on the set. He hid when tourists came around, and refused to come out until all was clear. Now he has outgrown that whim. The overwhelming zest which forced him to persist until he achieved recognition has

obviously tempered its blaze. He has a new ambition now—to be a director.

"That would be creative work," he explains. A composer, a sculptor, a painter, and an amateur astronomer, the urge to create is so strong within him that he cannot be content in following the commands of another. He will stick to acting so long as he draws his present large salary. But he's carefully noticing how pictures are made, and is preparing to jump the fence into the directorial field.

I think Lew's greatest thrill came when he met Einstein. Together, Lew and Mary Pickford went to Pasadena to meet the



Audrene Brier is one of the lighter attractions in "Fox Follies," and also one of the most high-powered.

noted scientist. Accompanying Mary wasn't at all exciting to him. But, when he was introduced to the Herr Professor—! He eagerly requested an autographed photograph and this is still his prize exhibit. Furthermore, Einstein evidenced much interest in our Lew!

He doesn't make friends easily. The boys who were with him in "All Quiet" remain his buddies to this day. Billy Bakewell, Russell Gleason, and Ben Alexander haven't gone nearly so far, cinematically speaking, but Lew is as loyal to them as they are to him.

Which calls to mind that time they made him cry!

"I happened to pass a second-hand auto market downtown and there was an old Studebaker which looked so sad I decided to buy it." He paid \$12.50 for it and managed to get it home alive. The studio, calling him, unwittingly ruined the old car for it gave his pals a chance for dirty work.

While Lew was gone Billy, Russ, and Benny came by, examined his purchase, and determined to wreck it. They pounded the hood, banged the fenders, ripped out the upholstery, dented the lights. Then departed merrily. When Lew got home and saw what they'd done, he cried!

Probably his most intimate friend is Robert Burns, the radio entertainer. Burns was champion pistol shot of the Allied armies during the war and he and Lew especially relish duck hunting. They met during Lew's "Heaven on Earth." I'm not

sure, but perhaps Bob's versatility distinguished him. In that talkie he enacted three parts and gave seven vocal characterizations!

The clean-cut, home-type sort, Lew's naturalness cannot be too highly emphasized. The last time I saw him, which was for lunch out at Universal, he came into the café wearing a dainty tea-apron. Most men would have blushed or taken it off. It was his working costume in the scene they'd been shooting and Lew, never dreaming how silly he looked, made no explanation.

He never expects people to recognize him. They rarely do, because he won't doll up in stellar array. On his only trip to New York, last summer, he refused to put on airs. "Within forty-five minutes after I got there I was on top of the Empire State building!" he reported to me in recounting the highlights of his jaunt. He was infinitely more awed by the architectural wonders of the metropolis than he was by the opportunities for lavish whoop-la.

Nothing will give you a more accurate idea of Lew Ayres than this untold incident. When President Roosevelt came to Los Angeles before his inauguration, the city welcomed him officially at the Coliseum.

Society and the stars bought boxes. Lew patriotically purchased his two seats and found himself adjoining the biggest names in the business.

The names, however, were aghast to find Lew's companion an urchin in rags. The Ayres explanation is a classic.

"Where did you pick up that kid?" he was asked later.

"Oh," replied Lew, "I just was walking in and saw him standing outside, forlorn. 'Going in?' I asked him. 'Nope!' he answered, 'I ain't got no ticket.' I said, 'Want to sit by me?' He beamed and nodded, 'Okay, fellow!'"

"But didn't he recognize you, know who you were?" I queried. "Oh, no," retorted this homespun star. "But he had a swell time sitting alongside the swells!"

The Lew who was so bashful he proposed to Lola Lane by long-distance telephone has matured from boy to man. Now he's enraptured by the agreeable Ginger. Her hair is red, but her tolerant disposition jibes to a "T" with his. And he's not thinking about love? Lew, who has a sentimental streak a yard wide?

Hmmm, he who married for mad love the first time very often weds again for compatibility. Quick, Watson, the next case!

The "Picture-a-Month" Man

Continued from page 27

Players, a high school dramatic company which still carries on the Bellamy tradition.

Ralph's parents, who are sober, substantial folk, bitterly opposed his stage aspirations. Today, they are so proud of him that his mother confidently believes some of his stock performances to rank with any in the theatre. This sweet pride supplies the son with his biggest laugh.

We all have ideas of what we might have been. Although Ralph could never have been anything but an actor, so obviously strong was the urge, he regrets not going to college to become a geologist. He also claims that he might easily have become a farmer, but then, when we chatted with him on the veranda of his romantic California home overlooking a lemon grove, on to the waves of the Pacific ocean, spring was in the air and the smell of soil in our nostrils.

When he was seventeen Ralph made his stage debut as an actor under the tutelage of wise old William Owen, stock star of classical and Shakesperian rôles. Like most juveniles, Ralph played old men with funny beards. He stayed with Owen for a couple of seasons and that grand old troupier taught the youngster how to troupe and how not to troupe. Out of such schools come our best actors.

Early in his career young Bellamy showed a surprising ability to form his own stock companies. He knows all the tried-and-true towns from Des Moines to Rochester, from Providence to Nashville.

It was while playing "Romance" in stock that Ralph met Catherine Willard, a statuesque beauty who was later to score a hit on the Broadway stage in "The Great Gatsby," "Young Love," and other plays. Two years ago last July 6, they were married in Reno, of all places! They quaintly figured that if they were married there, they would never have to go back.

Before this stroke of good fortune, however, the hero of this vignette was flatbroke in New York. In fact, he was flatter than a flounder. Barely existing in a Greenwich village basement apartment, he often wondered where the next meal was

coming from. Along came a good samaritan in the dignified person of Arthur Hopkins, who wanted a big wallop actor to play the lead in "Roadside," in place of the dynamic Walter Huston, who had scored such a hit in Hollywood pictures that he couldn't afford to return to the stage just then. Hopkins liked Bellamy. But he was afraid that Ralph might not be sufficiently powerful in appearance. So our hero went back to his basement, put on his only three vests and his most ferocious scowl, went right back, and got the part! He registered his first real Broadway success, and Joseph M. Schenck saw him and signed him to a picture contract, overnight.

Before the first week was over, Bellamy had had the thrill of nine offers for both pictures and plays, where before there had been nothing in the offing but the bread line.

Like so many good actors, Bellamy had to make good in pictures in a round-about fashion. Schenck loaned him to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to portray a rôle with Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, and Wallace Beery in "The Secret Six." A fellow producer confided to Schenck that while Bellamy was a good actor he "wasn't for pictures"—and for five months it looked as if Bellamy wasn't, because everyone seemed to take the producer's crack seriously.

Just like Arthur Hopkins, along came Ruth Chatterton. She wanted Ralph as her leading man in "The Magnificent Lie," and what Ruthie wants she gets. From that momentous day, the Hollywood producers and directors have been battling for Ralph Bellamy. He signed no more long-term contracts.

Unlike many former stage actors, Bellamy never pans Hollywood. He thinks it is a pretty swell place. If you lived in peace, comfort, and luxury in a beautiful Spanish home, amid a couple of acres of lemon and orange grove atop the Santa Monica Riveria looking down on a polo field, golf course, and the wild waves of the Pacific—what would you think?



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Home of the Future

Continued from page 55

them down over these. The walls would be painted or covered with the new fabrics now being shown.

"If the tenant wished to change a room, he could change the color scheme by painting the walls and furniture, changing the draperies and covers, and altering the pictures he has hung."

Most Americans are beginning to realize, from seeing beautiful interiors on the screen and from reading articles on home decoration in newspapers and magazines, that their own dwellings leave much to be desired. But many of us don't know how to remedy the defects and we certainly cannot always afford an expert's advice.

Mr. Patterson's scheme would give us the advantage of the services of a good interior decorator without extra charge.

"Russia, Germany, and Austria are away ahead of us when it comes to tenements designed to replace the slums they have demolished," said the artist. "New York is beginning to take hold of this problem at last, but why should fine designs be limited only to tenements?"

"We would like to do apartment houses for big cities, in which we'd use these ideas. The basements would be used for parking cars, of course, and the roofs would be designed as playgrounds in those buildings that admitted children, or as gardens where tenants could get sun and air. The idea would also work out very well for big country homes or houses on a larger scale."

"Today, if you happen to live in a Spanish house and decide to move, you may not be able to find another Spanish house that pleases you. So you move into a French chateau and have to scrap your furniture, for Spanish things distinctly do not go into a French dwelling."

"If the furniture came with the house, you would leave your Spanish things in the Spanish house and find good French things in the new French one, thus saving both money and temper."

"Even if you live in a house of no particular period, when you move—and you know they say the national crest should have a moving van on it!—your furniture usually fails to fit into the new place. The measurements are too long or too short; the light falls differently so that the pieces don't appear to advantage."

"It is the custom for the man of average means today to turn in his low or medium-priced car for a new model every year or so. Why not turn in your house for a new model when you tire of it? I can't understand why a man should keep furniture until it falls apart when he wouldn't dream of keeping his car when it got out-of-date."

"As you grow older, your personality expands, your taste develops, you tire of the things you once admired—not all of them, but certainly some of them. Why should you have to live with the heavy old-fashioned pieces your father-in-law gave you for a wedding present? You are modern. You will feel better in modern surroundings."

"I prefer modern furniture for modern people, so my new homes will contain beautiful things designed after the modern manner. The furniture will be well-proportioned, convenient, comfortable as well as decorative. It will look as if it belonged in the room because it will be designed with that particular room in mind."

"In Paris, you can go out and get antiques anywhere—there are two or three shops in a single block—good antique furniture, poor stuff and fakes. But try to get modern furniture there except at extravagant prices! You can get fake mod-

ern things, of course, but you don't want bad new ones any more than you want bad old ones."

The way to educate your taste so that you know good from bad is to watch the interior sets that appear on the screen. If you are thinking of getting married, or considering buying a new house, or moving from your old one, you will do well to see a number of films featuring modern young people. Observe the sort of chairs they sit on, the shape of their dressing-tables, the way their draperies hang, and the kind of tables at which they dine or serve tea. There are hints on the screen for new methods of lighting, new styles in dishes, the latest thing in smoking accessories.

If you should plan a "home of the future" perhaps your architect can incorporate some of the new ideas you gather from your picture-going into the place you intend to live.

"My idea of furniture designed for homes can be used for small bachelor apartments, flats, or more spacious houses; city homes, country homes, summer cottages, mountain cabins and little shacks by the sea. Each one should have furniture created especially for it," explained Mr. Patterson.

"The bigger the house, the more chance the architect-artist has for carrying out his ideas. A library can be outfitted with book-shelves done with imagination, with tables and chairs or couches where people can read with the greatest comfort and least strain on the eyes. A music-room can be equipped with instruments and suitable furniture where music can be performed and enjoyed. Radios can be installed as easily as refrigerators, with perhaps better chance of pleasing design."

"There are some interesting new ideas in draperies that could be used in these extremely modern homes. I have seen draperies made of metal that fold up stiffly and geometrically, but look like fabric. They are very good-looking, can be had in almost any color, and wear like iron."

"Another new material for curtains—one that Mr. Jageman and I intend to use in our next picture—is of cellophane. It is gorgeous and wears forever. There's no fire risk about it, which is in its favor. It comes in solid colors and is pliable and most decorative."

"Furniture designed for a home could be made of metal, too, if desired. There are some nice examples of metal furniture to be seen in recent films. Good-looking tables are made of glass and metal combined. Wood can be used, of course, but metal is newer."

"One tenant may have the furniture upholstered in figured chintz. The next one may change this for solid-colored satin, or something in one of the new glossy materials now on display. It is easy enough to change the scheme of decoration if you happen to have a restless disposition."

"Furniture for gardens, patios, sun-rooms, verandas or terraces is now being made in metal, and weather-proof cushions and upholstery are part of the equipment. You can sprawl on these cushions in your wet bathing-suit and not disturb your hostess' peace of mind. So we would use stuff like this for the roof gardens on our model apartment buildings."

It is the fashion for most interior decorators today to forbid pictures as wall decorations. Almost the first thing the expert does when he enters your home to "do it over" is to banish portraits, paintings, and etchings.

But not Mr. Patterson.

"It all depends on the picture," he



Russell Patterson explains to Pat Paterson, (drop a "t," printer!), some of his new ideas on color and design.

\$4,000—but where could you put it? The only place I can think of for a subject like that is the kitchen, and you don't hang pictures there.

"I am not against pictures if they belong in a room, and often a room can be designed to hold a valuable painting. Of course if you have a good Spanish picture, it will look well in a Spanish room. A nice sporting print will ornament your play-room.

"In England, many old houses have art galleries in which collections of family portraits, and other examples of art not always valuable or even good, are displayed. If you are a collector, a gallery especially designed for your collection is not a bad idea, but as a rule your pictures can be hung in your home if care is taken in placing them."

When you are viewing on the screen sets or pieces of furniture that seem to you desirable as hints for beautifying your own abode, remember to heed Mr. Patterson's warning:

"Don't try to reproduce the sets you see in musicals, in extravaganzas, or in phantasies. The things you see in these productions are designed for the effect and will not wear well. Also, be careful about copying pieces you see that seem fantastic in a dramatic picture. Be sure the article of furniture is not there for some purpose of the story to symbolize the theme or help express an unpleasant character—before you incorporate it into your dream home."

pointed out. "A painting should be carefully hung. It can make or destroy a room.

"Its financial value doesn't matter a hoot. You may own a painting of cows in a pasture that set you back more than

Have They a Right to a Private Life?

Continued from page 19

remain his fans, they are privileged to make demands on his personal time.

I have observed that most stars who are living normal, hard-working lives do not object to publicity. Any interviewer is welcome to visit the homes of Richard Arlen, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Bing Crosby, Dolores Del Rio, Madge Evans and scores of other stars, and write what they may. Arlen has many writer-friends who sit often at his table. These writers know almost as much about Dick's private life as his own wife, Jobyna Ralston Arlen. The same is true of Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee Crosby, who maintain few secrets from the press.

Jean Harlow and Joan Crawford have always taken the press into confidence. The one time Joan did not (when she separated from Doug Fairbanks, Jr.), she regretted afterwards, and she told her many writer friends that she was sorry she had not confided in them all.

That the public believes it has a right to be intimate with its public idols is best proven by the same public's actions when the stars appear in person. When Miss Harlow made a personal appearance tour and stopped in Boston, a mob of adoring fans met her at the theatre stage door. She spoke briefly to them, then walked toward her automobile, parked at the curb.

Suddenly a fan ran close to Jean and seized the corsage from her shoulder. Another grabbed the pin that had held the flowers in place. A mad rush followed! Her police guard was pushed helplessly aside, and scores of frenzied Harlow admirers grabbed for the star. When she reached her car, Jean's evening gown was almost in shreds; in fact, it was practically gone, and she wore little more than her sheer silk undies. Luckily for her ego, Jean wore a fur coat at the time, and this covered her otherwise embarrassing lack of clothing.

George Raft similarly had the buttons torn from his clothes by wild-eyed fans. Mary Pickford's ermine coat was badly

torn in another mob-rush. Joan Crawford lost a parasol, a handbag, and a gardenia corsage at a theatre premiere not so long ago.

Now if fans feel entitled to enact such exhibitions of adoration, then certainly they must also feel entitled to know in fullest detail about the private lives of the stars.

The stars belong to the public, just as men in political life belong to the public. Human beings who expect and need the support of the public should enter wholeheartedly into the spirit of their professions. They should not expect to receive without giving. They should be willing to sacrifice privacy in return for the great reward that comes with their success and renown.

For after all, the motion picture reward is so great that it justifies loss of certain freedoms. In what other profession could Constance Bennett, for example, make as much money as she has made in her rôle of screen star? Miss Bennett owes much to motion pictures. If her private life is so exciting and unique that its details read like modern fiction, she can hardly expect that her activities will not be blared in public prints.

Remember, I say this is true only when private lives make good reading. After all, the public is little interested in the ordinary story—the story of quiet happiness in the home. Constance Bennett and her Marquis commanded thousands of columns of newspaper space, where the home-life of the Dick Arlens receives only rare mention.

In fact, I may sum up my entire story with this warning to the movie-famous: If you would keep your personal affairs out of print, then live your life in such fashion that there is nothing your public would be anxious to know about you.

If you cannot so maintain your personal affairs, be prepared to see your private life broadcast by the press. For your life belongs to your public.

Why not recognize that fact, and be good sports about it?

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Taking the Air

Continued from page 15

program was well rehearsed. But it seems that shortly before the program began several words were added to the announcer's introductory chatter, which was to be followed by our first number. Nobody told me about it, so when we went on the air and the said announcer reached what my script showed to be the end of his spiel, I raised my baton for the opening chord, but to my horror, the announcer kept right on talking for several seconds more! Luckily, my boys and I had the presence of mind, or the instinct, to hold off until he got through—and we all froze fast on the brink of that first note, until the road was clear. So it all came out all right. But that's as close a call as I ever want to have, especially on an opening night!

Among all those interviewed on the question of embarrassing radio moments, only Fred Allen was unable to recall a single one in his antic career. "Probably," hazarded the sad-voiced Fred, who sounds and looks as delightfully disconsolate in real life as you hear and visualize him over the air—"probably it's because I try to minimize the importance of the studio audience in front of me when I do my stuff. Those I try to keep in mind, and for whose benefit I perform, aren't the few hundred folks watching me in the auditorium, but the millions, billions and trillions listening in from the outside. And when they can't see you there's nothing to get nervous and fall over yourself about. Besides," he added with a forlorn sigh, "I've been trying all my life to be high-strung, but I just can't seem to make it!"

Next I ambushed Nino Martini, the busy, volatile, and happy-go-lucky young Latin whose delightful radio warbling won him a contract with the imposing Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. "Sure," Signor Nino grinned at me over his shoulder as I clung to his coat-tails while he raced from a radio rehearsal at Columbia to an opera rehearsal at the Metropolitan. "Sure, I am one pretty agitated fellow. I am always getting embarrassed. What of it? If I sing the wrong song, I sing it beautifully, and everybody loves it, so what is the difference? Radio singing, it is fun. Opera singing, it is fun. The movies, they are fun. America, she is fun. Oh, bambino—some fun!"

The eminent Col. Stoopnagle, the last victim of my impertinent inquiries, confessed that his most startled interlude on the radio was bound up with his acquisition of that characteristically goofy *nom de guerre*. "My earliest radio appearances were amateur programs, most of which were ad libbed, with everybody in the studio getting loads of laughs out of it, whether the listeners-in did or not. The announcer was in the habit of introducing me by whatever nutty name he happened to think of on the spur of the moment, using a different one each time. One week I was Mister Gladbubble, the next I was Professor Happystone. Well, one day, having no idea of what he was going to spring, I suddenly heard him blare into the microphone, 'Presenting Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle.' The name so entranced me with its dizziness that for several seconds I was unable to speak, thereby no doubt providing my fond public with some of its happiest moments. When I finally *did* come out of my trance and was able to talk, I was still pretty much flabbergasted, but I decided to remain Stoopnagle thenceforth and forevermore. Say, by the way, let me tell you about my invention for—"

But I had folded my fountain pen like



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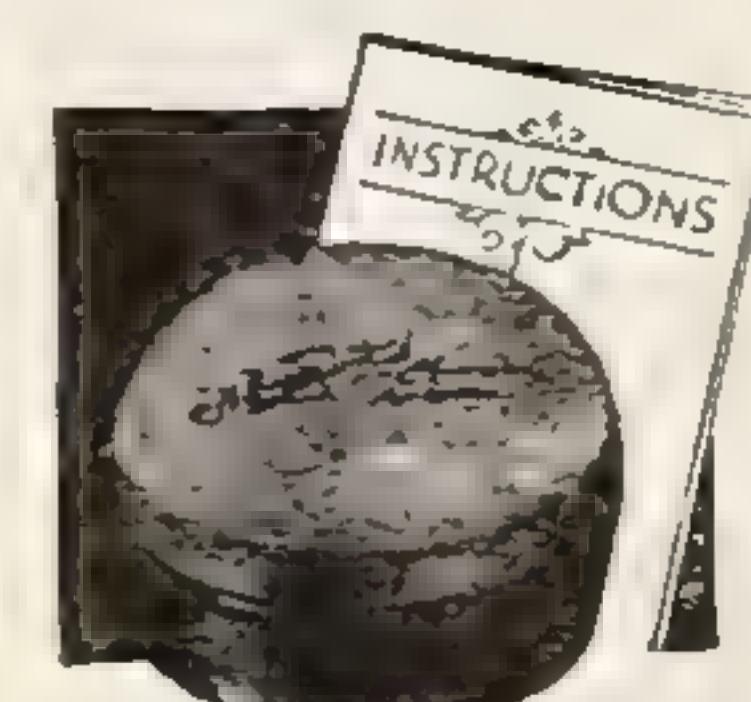
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the Arabs and silently stolen away—taking with me the pleasant feeling that radio stars, despite their almost machine-like perfection while on the air, are honest-to-goodness people nevertheless—and pretty enjoyable ones at that!

Baby LeRoy is said to be considering radio offers. Ever hear a dream squawking? . . . For hilarious radio-movie burlesque get an earful of "Colonel News-nagle's Stoopreel of the Air." On the Col.'s current C. B. S. programs. . . Radio is now fully equipped with its own Garbo. She's the delightful Maude Adams, famous stage actress, with an unbroken record of more than forty interviewless years. . . . Theme song for the housekeeping bride: "Smoke Gets in Your Pies." . . . Eastern listeners who can catch a 1:15 P. M. program will be richly rewarded with a series of uniquely interesting talks by Miss Dorothy Schreier, blind instructress of the blind. Miss Schreier, young and extremely attractive, furnishes an inspiring example of the triumph of will and courage over a physical disability. Graduate of two training schools for teachers of the blind, she performs a splendid and important work in giving auditors a keen insight into the minds of the unseeing. Tuesdays on WOR, Newark. . . . Most whiskered wheeze of the month: Jack Benny's, "If you had a brain you'd be a half-wit." . . . Petite Helen Oelheim, the Show Boat contralto, gave a

big-time recital all her own Tuesday at New York's Town Hall. He drew "Bravas" from the m. . . So you thought the talkies were five or six years old? Then Gus Van, now appearing on Tuesday evening series with son. . . . Mr. Van deposes that late partner, Joe Schenck, m. . . talking film away back in a primitive cylinder record. "The picture was so terrible, that we walked out on it our." Fred Waring's favorite day is. . . On that portentous date he d. . . first broadcast in 1921, and th. . . later, almost to the hour, he. . . his present series for Columbia. "Fifteenth Anniversary Round. . . other day, was one of the best t. . . kind ever heard. . . . Truly. . . among the past winter's more ser. . . grams were the Sunday afternoon of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, conducted for the most Arturo Toscanini, which the Columbia work broadcast nationally. Toscanini is generally recognized as one of the most able and eloquent interpreters of orchestral music that the world has ever known, frequently surpassed even his customary heights of musical expression, and the performance as a whole brought new dignity to radio. Encore!

Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 13



No half-measures for Sally Eilers—when she goes after health, she goes after it! Sally takes this large libation of milk every day to keep in trim for the ardors of acting.

The Women In His Life M-G-M

Otto Kruger fits snugly in his rôle of one of those charming and talented but too, too wicked lawyers. Preoccupied with making love to the fair Isabel Jewell, he breaks his promise to defend the father of Irene Hervey, accused of murdering his wife. When Otto finds that the slain woman is his own lost love, he goes on a terrific binge but returns in time to trap the murderers. Some good dialogue and capable acting, including Ben Lyon's; but the story is rather weak.

The Lost Patrol R-K-O

A British sergeant and ten men are lost in hostile Mesopotamian desert country. Their attempts to reach their regiment, their struggle to hold up their withering morale, and the final fate of each one in turn are told in this generally absorbing film play. The performances are uneven and the dialogue not always convincing, but the story will interest and at times thrill you. Victor McLaglen, Wallace Ford, Boris Karloff handle the main rôles.

Harold Teen Warners

This very effective silent picture of several years ago should have been made into a talkie long ere now. Hal LeRoy and Rochelle Hudson are outstanding as *Harold* and *Lillums* of the comic strip. The story is trivial, concerning itself with school-day antics, but the various incidents are astonishingly human and likable. Besides LeRoy and Hudson, the cast is made memorable by the performances of Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert, and Patricia Ellis—all excellent. Teen fans—others too—will like it.

I Believed In You Fox

You will meet Rosemary Ames in this picture, and probably you'll like her. She is a bit Dietrich-Bankheadish, so now you know what to expect. The picture is rather dull, but thanks to good work by Victor Jory and John Boles, it rises above drudgery. All about a girl who meets up with a group of Greenwich Villagers, whose friendship proves worthless. So she goes to the right man, after all, for a happy ending—and isn't that what you want?

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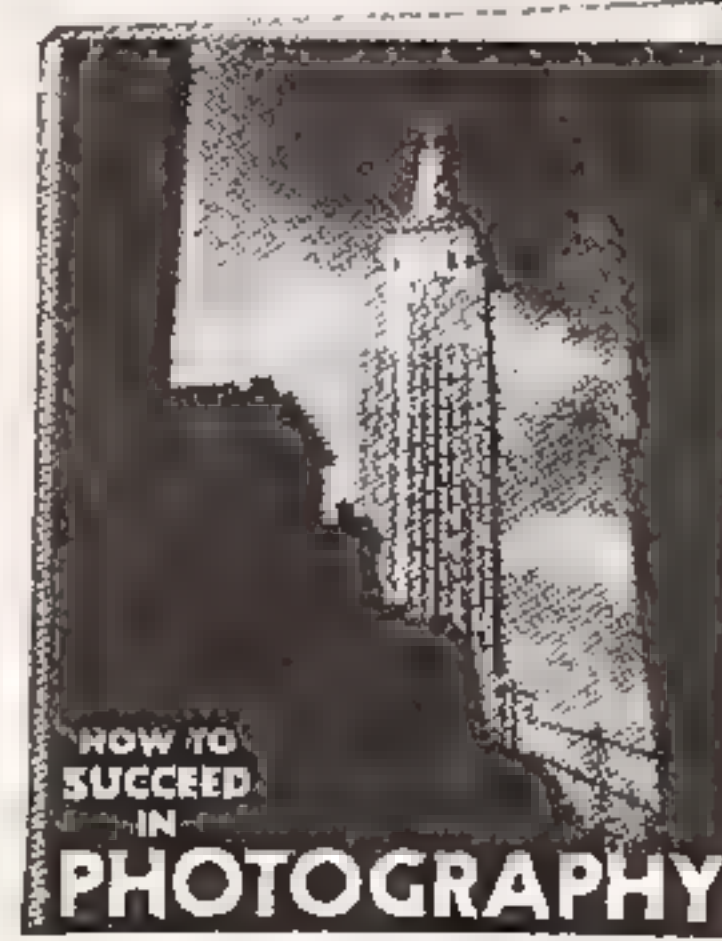
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Sing and Like It
R-K-O

Here is travesty that is travesty, and Nat Pendleton demonstrates that he is very likable in dumb-mug rôles. Zasu Pitts and Edward Everett Horton, too, reach new laugh records. It's about a gangster and his mob who force their way into the show business—and the mistakes they make will roll you out of your seat. Pert Kelton delivers the best stuff she has yet shown on the screen. Ned Sparks injects swell laughs.

You Can't Buy Everything
M-G-M

Here we are, back in the bouncing Nineteen Hundreds again! May Robson provides a delightful characterization as old *Hannah Bell*, woman financier who is both too rich and too thrifty for anyone's good. She nearly wrecks her own life and that of her son, Eilly Bakewell, in her thirst for revenge on an old girlhood lover, Lewis Stone. The story moves along conventional lines, but the acting is excellent and the settings very charming.

The Inventors
Fox-Educational

That fertile scientist of the air waves, Col. Stoopnagle, tries out some of his infernal machines on the screen audience in a genuinely comical two-reeler. With his talented yes-man, Budd, he demonstrates a few of his little gadgets at a girls' seminary, and the educational and amusement value of the result proves to be worth the incidental havoc. Olive Borden is very handsome.

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Raquel Torres and Don Alvarado are among the latest visitors from Hollywood to Elstree, England, where they're playing in "Red Wagon" for British International Pictures.

All in a Day's Work
Continued from page 69

pair of fresh gloves (which always make you feel ready for anything), and a different hat, perhaps. Even a pair of high-heeled shoes puts you literally and figuratively "on your toes," even after a long day. And these can all be kept neatly out of the way, in a hat box.

Whatever you do, don't wear a fussy afternoon or cocktail dress into the office, even though your after-work date is an important one. Instead of looking like a "picture," you'll stand out against the office background like a sore thumb!

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Now You're Talking

Continued from page 8

John Bonnyfeather: Lionel Barrymore.
Don Luis: John Barrymore.
Florence Udney: Margaret Sullivan.

Bill Carlisle,
941 Eleventh Ave., North,
Seattle, Wash.

"HI" PRAISE!

"Hi, Nellie!" Here's to Paul Muni and Glenda Farrell for a rip-snorting, fast-moving newspaper tale that was swell entertainment. And did Paul "get" me? Verily—and deservedly, too. And Glenda—some gal! Write her up editorially, Miss Evans, please. Thanks a lot!

E. Jay Bennett,
942 Studer Ave.,
Columbus, Ohio.

RAZZING THE RAZZERS!

When one can see and hear Ann Harding, what difference does it make if her leading man has two or three buttons on his dinner jacket? When one can be held spellbound by "Footlight Parade," what matters it whether Dick Powell really plays piano or not?

Let's quit squawking!

Mary NaDal,
1323 So. Gary St.,
Tulsa, Okla.

'RAH, TEAM!

Producers be praised for again teaming Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell! And again more praise, for giving Janet a part suited to her blithe, winsome, enchanting self. Together, Janet and Charlie are invincible. They will win greater plaudits, make more hearts beat faster, and pile up new box-office records!

Mary Belle Walley,
Box 357,
Butler, N. J.

EDDIE, PICTURE PURLOINER!

Another picture lost! Gone to the dogs? No—happily, to Edward Everett Horton! He picked up "Design for Living" and walked off with it. He gave, as always, reality to his rôle—the only one in the picture who made us feel that it was anything but farcical and insubstantial.

Myrtle Dunn,
Minneapolis, Minn.

ALL FOR ANN!

Ann Harding in "Gallant Lady" confirmed my fondest hopes. Here's an actress who has depth to her acting! She is no shallow painted doll being moved around the set with strings. There is always an earnestness about her work. She knows what she's doing—and does it superbly!

Florence Campbell,
Danville, Ill.

DECORATING BING!

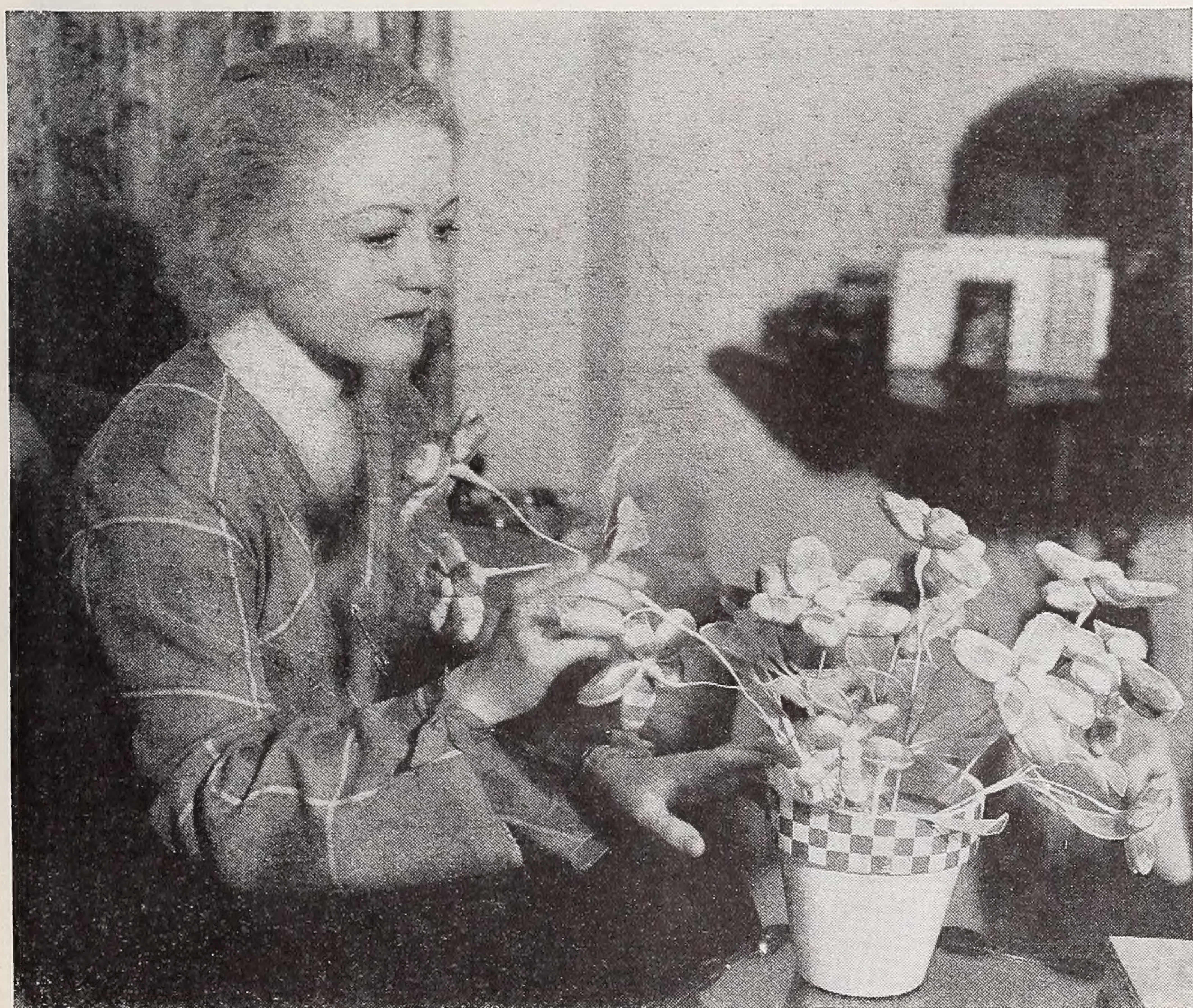
I hereby vote Bing Crosby a medal. For what? Why, for being the first radio star "recruited" by the movies who doesn't appear to be performing for Ye Olde Drama League. His singing and acting ability make a great combination.

Florence Moran,
Tacoma, Wash.

HER SPOKEN "LINES" ARE GOOD, TOO!

When will they start to appreciate Mae West for her acting ability instead of merely for her curves? Her delightful humor and snappy wisecracks have rightfully earned her a place among the country's leading exponents of comedy. Forget about the curvaceous—and applaud the facetious—Mae!

W. A. O'Keefe,
Lynn, Mass.



Wynne Gibson is in accord with the new craze for artificial flowers made from colored gingham. Wynne designed these "daisies" of orange and white cloth. Clever idea, what?

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30x5.00-20		2.55	1.05
28x5.25-18		2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19		2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20		2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21		3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18		3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19		3.35	1.15
30x5.50-20		3.40	1.15
31x5.50-21		3.40	1.15
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Ask Me! *Continued from page 72*



Gwennllian Gill is a new inducement offered by Paramount to like their pictures. She's one of the girls with Dick Arlen in "Come on, Marines!"

Margie M. I haven't a record of Eddie Tamblin, who played the rôle of Harry in "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." If he appears again I'll try to get the "low-down" on him. Look out, Eddie!

Franklin D. It means turning back the clock a few hours to get in touch with some of the old silent players of a few years ago. Blanche Sweet played "Annie Christie" in 1923 and Norma Talmadge delighted us with a silent "Smilin' Through." Norma hasn't made a film for some time. Blanche Sweet has made a few stage appearances since her retirement from the screen. She was born in Chicago, Ill., on June 18, 1896. She has light brown hair and dark grey eyes and is 5 feet 4 inches tall. She was divorced from Mickey Neilan in 1929.

Tommie H. Sorry I haven't any personal information on Robert Barrat but he has been appearing in many popular films in the past year. He played *Fritz*, the strong man, in "Lily Turner" with Ruth Chatterton; he was the butler in "Secret of the Blue Room"; played in "The Kennel Murder Case"; "Wild Boys of the Road"; "Ann Carver's Profession"; "Heroes for Sale"; "The Silk Express" and "Mayor of Hell." Jimmy Cagney's brother William makes his picture debut in "Palooka" with Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Stuart Erwin, Mary Carlisle and Robert Armstrong.

Robert Young Fan. You are right—the young doctor—son of Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" was played by Robert Young. He was born on February

22, 1907, in Chicago, Ill. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 170 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He was educated in Seattle, Wash., and attended high school in Los Angeles, Calif. He began his picture work in 1931. Among his pictures you may have seen are "Today We Live," "Hell Below," "Tugboat Annie," "Saturday's Millions," "The Right to Romance," "Carolina," and "Spitfire."

Rose K. Claudette Colbert's first appearance on the stage was in 1924, and in 1927 she made her first picture, "For the Love of Mike," with Ben Lyon. She did not care for silent screen work and went back to the stage. Paramount offered her a featured rôle in the talking film, "The Hole in the Wall"; she accepted and enjoyed the work. Her next release was "The Lady Lies," followed by "The Big Pond" opposite Maurice Chevalier, in which she played both English and French versions. Next came "Young Man of Manhattan," co-starring with her husband, Norman Foster; then "Manslaughter"; "Honor Among Lovers"; "The Smiling Lieutenant"; "Secrets of A Secretary"; "His Woman"; "Misleading Lady"; "The Man From Yesterday"; "Sign of the Cross"; "Tonight Is Ours"; "I Cover the Waterfront"; "Torch Singer" and "Four Frightened People."

E. G. of S. Africa. I'm surely glad to publish your very special request for more "John Boles singing pictures." He would be no end pleased to know how you South

Africans love his pictures and his beautiful singing voice. You'll have a treat then when you hear him sing in his latest release, "Beloved." Have you seen him in "Only Yesterday" with Margaret Sullavan, one of the screen's greatest new "finds"? If you haven't seen these two grand pictures, ask your nearest cinema house manager to exhibit them. Come again, E. G.

Walter and Floyd. I see you are both Loretta Young conscious—I'll not try to change your minds on that score, for I like her, too. Loretta was married to Grant Withers, but has been divorced for some time. She was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, on January 6, 1912. Her real name is Gretchen Young. She has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. In 1927 she played a small part with Colleen Moore in "Naughty But Nice." She played with the late Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" in 1928. Her latest releases are, "The Devil's in Love"; "Midnight Mary" and "A Man's Castle."

E. K. So, when all others fail, you consult Dr. Vee Dee! I'm sorry you have had so much trouble with your questions but why ask such hard ones? I do not know if Harry Bannister was married *before* his union with Ann Harding. Harry and Ann led a very quiet life while both were on the stage—thinking the world was only interested in their stage characterizations and not their personal lives. Too bad their marriage failed.



Here they are—the films' handsomest newlyweds! Pat Paterson from England and Charles Boyer from France met in Hollywood and eloped to Yuma, Arizona. (Quite a travelogue!) It was one of the most cyclonic romances that Hollywood has witnessed in many moons.



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